The Morning Tub

of cold water is one of the Englishman's—and Englishwoman's—most cherished delights.

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But **every house or flat can have a constant and reliable supply of hot water without the aid of the kitchener,** by means of a gas-heated Circulator, which can be connected to the existing pipes, at very moderate cost, and used independently of the kitchen range, with the working of which, however, it does not interfere at all.

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No. 280.—Vol. XXII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 14, 1909 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *London Stereoscopic Company*

WIDE AWAKE TO THE NATION'S PERIL, AND DETERMINED TO LET HER KNOW OF IT!

The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, under whose auspices there starts to-day a national campaign in the interests of a stronger Navy

UNDER WHICH RULE?

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION WHICH IS THREATENED FOR THE FIRST OF MAY

Photo] REPUBLICAN? *[Nadar*

M. Fallières, the eighth President of the Third Republic

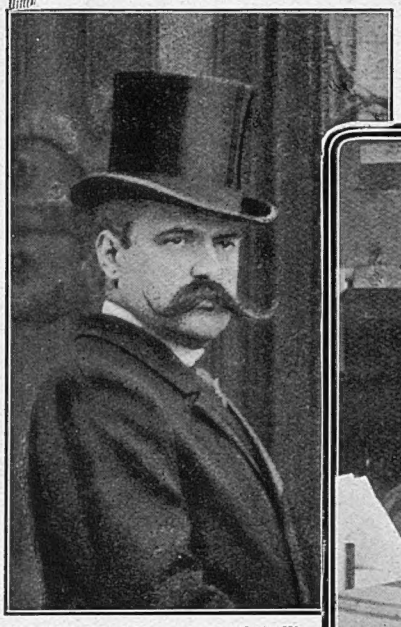
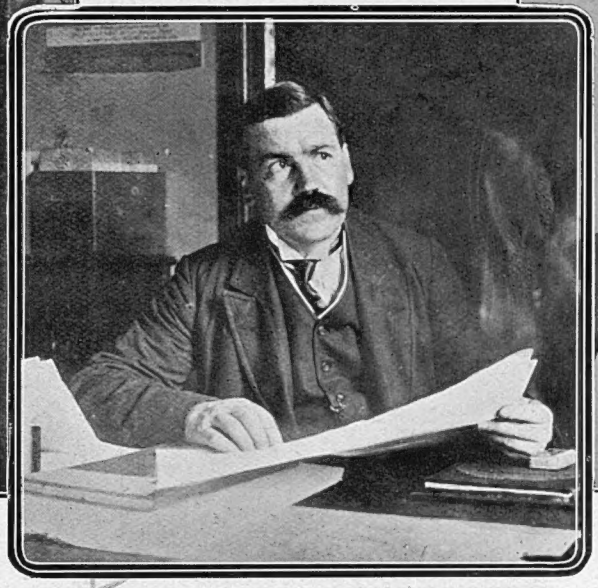


Photo *Oricelli*

IMPERIAL?

H.I.H. Prince Victor Napoleon, the head of the Bonaparte family, who was expelled from France in 1886



SOCIALIST?

M. Pataud ("King Pataud"), Secretary of the Electricians Union in Paris, and self-elected leader of all Socialist malcontents, who is credited with the desire to become ruler of France under the auspices of the Labour Federation

Photo *Karoley*

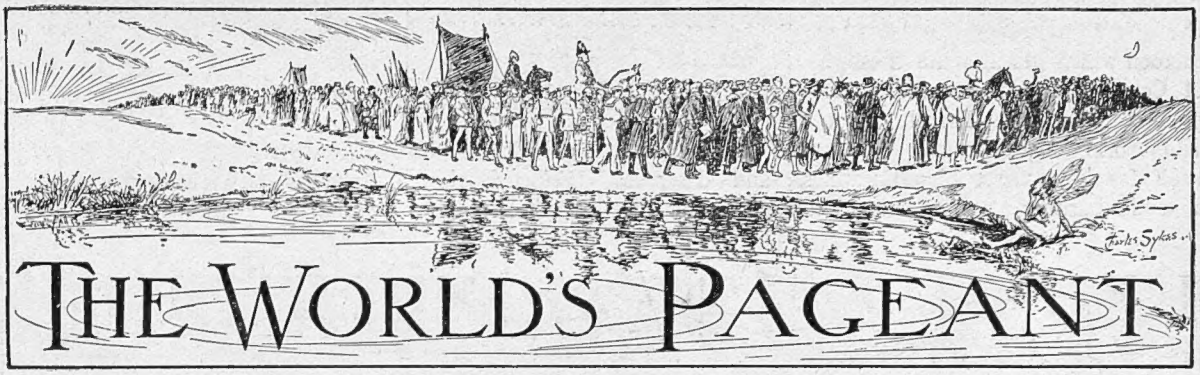
ROYAL?

Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, head of the Bourbon-Orleans House, expelled from France, and now residing in Worcestershire

OR ANARCHISTIC? *(From a drawing in "The Graphic")*

Under the Red Flag: The Mob in Front of the Hotel de Ville, Paris, Proclaiming the Commune, 1871

May 1 is again given as the date of another French Revolution—this time somewhat seriously, for the strike campaign initiated by "King" Pataud has taken as its war-cry, "Down with the Republic." It is to the point, therefore, to ask which form of Government our neighbours prefer to that which is at present headed by M. Fallières?



THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Dutch Succession

READERS must take my sentiments on the progress of events in Holland as duly expressed. They know as well as I do that weekly newspapers, unlike daily ones, are compelled to go to press well in advance of the first outbreak of the holiday seasons, and all that I can, at the moment of writing, do is to hope for the happiest, alike for the Queen, the Prince, Holland, and the peace of Europe.

* * *

The Promised Revolution

Towards May 1 every year the Parisian cockney trembles for his "Frenchman's Home," because of a dreaded and possible revolution. Sometimes the Government suffers from the contagion, and has the troops in and near Paris to tranquillise the nervous, but May 1 has passed over year after year without anything happening of the slightest importance, and so, probably, it will again. People are apt to forget that a revolution in France is not as easy to bring about as it was. An army recruited from peasants, who have no desire to share their land with a heap of Parisian idlers, would soon quell any disturbance on the part of M. Pataud's gang.

* * *

The Curses of Paris

The danger of Pataud lies in his organising the indolent political workmen of all trades—"the worshippers of St. Monday," as they are called in Paris. One of the curses of the Gay City is the political workman, who spends three out of the seven days in the wine-shop finding fault with capital and everything else. Pataud is, of course, a clever man, a plausible, loquacious Southerner, full of vitality and ambitious determination. His object is to get into Parliament, where he would have a comfortable salary of £600 a year.

Riviera Season Ends

Just as the swallow and the Cup Final herald the advent of the summer in England so do the lizard and the motor-boat carnival proclaim the close of the season on the Riviera. Few finer theatres for maritime contests than Monaco harbour could be imagined—always provided a second Messina is not forthcoming. On either side of the water, in a line with the bar, are the Palace of the Prince and the ever-replenished Bourse—the Casino, to wit—out of which the majesty of this tiniest of all Principalities is maintained. Behind the placid bay is the Tête de Chien and the flower-strewn slopes studded with beautiful villas—fine panoramic background for the battle of the boats. This year the "botor" week immediately precedes the coming of President Fallières to Monte Carlo. Of course, M. Fallières would never dream of trying his luck at the tables. But it is just possible his Excellency may take a peep at the gilded chamber in which so many of his countrymen spend their substance to the material benefit of his host.

Photo *Guyde and Co.*
H.M. Wilhelmina Pauline Marie, Queen of the Netherlands, Princess of Orange-Nassau, and Duchess of Mecklenburg
Born at the Hague, August 31, 1880, daughter of King William III. of Holland, married to Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg in 1901

* * *

Shame!

Last week THE BYSTANDER discovered the Dreadplane. On top of this out came the papers with "The Aerial Two-Power Standard," "The Admiralty of the Air," etc., etc. Really this is, to a thinking mind, most truly horrible. Civilised man, nearly two thousand years after the Christian era, has solved the problem of flight. What does he do? Does he summon a conference of all the nations to rejoice, and to see how the grand victory over Nature can best be adapted for the common weal? Not a bit of it. He summons all the fighting men together to decide how the airship and aeroplane can best be adapted for the purpose of exterminating his enemies. Great Englishmen meet at the Mansion House to discuss the airship as a

means of dropping bombs, while the German papers publish a cartoon which glorifies the triumph of Count Zeppelin in hurling explosives upon the British Fleet. The world ought to be thoroughly ashamed of itself for its present bloodthirstiness, and deserves a sound burning at the hands of a superior planet.

choose for presenting an ultimatum the moment when she has off our coasts a fleet "ready for war," immensely stronger than our unready one, imputes to the good, noble, chivalrous Kaiser and the genial, soft-spoken Prince Buelow a harshness and violence quite alien to their avowed temperaments. Still, history is history.

England and the Empire of the Air

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu speaking at the Mansion House last week at the meeting convened by the Aerial League to draw attention to the backwardness of this country in the matter of aviation. Reading from left to right, the gentlemen in the front row are :—Commander Wells, Admiral Sir W. Kennedy, Sir Hiram Maxim, Sheriff Baddeley, Lord Montagu, the Lord Mayor, Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, Professor Shaw, Mr. S. F. Cody, and Vice-Admiral Sir C. Campbell

Invasion in May?

Naval circles are alive with suspicion as to the likelihood of a German attack on England *this Spring*. Probably those who think this are unduly nervous, and forget that May is the beginning of the London season. No doubt, the forthcoming German manœuvres in the North Sea, in which Germany will muster some eighteen first-class battleships and about sixty destroyers, are a perfectly normal occurrence. The idea that, on some sudden pretext, Germany might In all the successful wars of the Bismarckian *régime*, readiness and swift attack were the watchwords.

* * *

Our Hopeless Position

Most Englishmen think of invasion as a possibility of some distant date. Invasion stories invariably give John Bull several years' grace in which to "wake up" and get dressed. A few years ago it was 1910; to-day we talk of 1912. But, quite candidly speaking, if Germany really wants a war with England, the present

Motor-boat Racing at Monaco

On the land-side of the above picture is the Wolseley-Siddeley racer which, racing under the British flag, won a race over a course of 31¼ miles in 40min. 0 4-5sec.

Only Once in Twelve Years

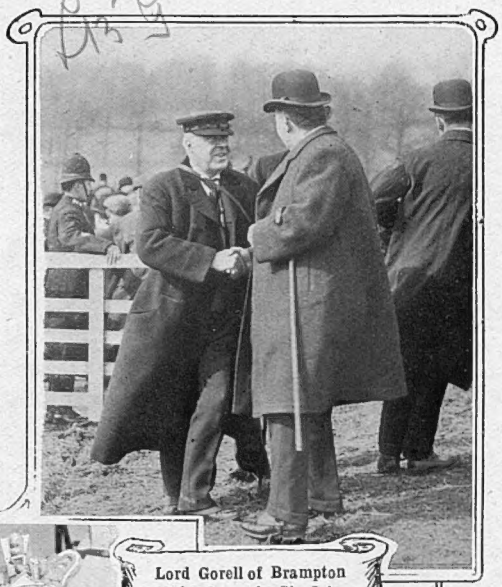
THE WONDERFUL FESTIVAL OF MAHAMAKAM AT KUMBHAKONUM, SOUTHERN INDIA

The Scene at the Edge of the Great Mahamakam Tank, in which 200,000 people bathe at one time. The umbrellas in the foreground are sacred symbols carried before the High Priest

The Procession of the High Priest, in which he is preceded by elephants, camels, and white horses, and surrounded by sacred emblems

This curious religious festival, which only takes place once in every twelve years, is an occasion upon which all castes that can properly style themselves Hindus set aside for the nonce all sectarian principles and scruples. The tenth day of the festival is the most important, as this is the day of bathing in the Holy Water. Nine of the principal rivers in India are supposed on that day to pour their Holy Water into the enormous Mahamakam Tank, by bathing in which Hindus think to save themselves from all sins

would be by no means a bad time for her. Our Navy is in a somewhat disorganised condition. The North Sea redistribution is not yet a *fait accompli*. We have no army to speak of, and no allies of any value. France is in the throes of a revolutionary agitation, and Russia is, self-confessedly, in a state of military impotence. Japan is somewhat far away to be of practical use in a sudden emergency, and as for America — well, judging from Mr. Roosevelt's patronage of a German liner to bring him to Europe, of German hospitality in Naples, and his promise to call on the Kaiser in Berlin on his way back home—this does not look as though the States were very angry with the Germans.



Lord Gorell of Brampton *(left)*, formerly Sir John Gorell Barnes, President of the Divorce Court, at the Bar Point-to-Point races near Broxbourne

Kings of Shepherd's Bush!

Thousands of workmen are busy preparing the White City for the next Exhibition. The two monarchs above are uneasily bearing crowns to their resting-place on one of the pavilions

Mr. Justice Grantham Entertains the Chinese Ambassador

In the judge's box at the Bar Point-to-Point Meeting near Broxbourne. The celestial diplomat has apparently got something on a winner

The German's Little Scheme

The idea of the German plan of campaign which obsesses my naval friends is that, with the German High Fleet duly assembled next May, the quarrel would be picked, say, by an "Ems telegram." In the night the mouth of the Medway would be mined to bottle up the ships lying for repair at Chatham. Mines would also be laid across the Straits between Dover and Calais to prevent the egress of our Fleet harboured at Portland. Commanding the North Sea against a possible British Fleet, the Germans would then land and strike at London before any British Fleet could arrive. As Germany has, quite lately, accumulated from all quarters an abnormal quantity of coal, there seems some plausible foundation for this alarming theory, which I give exactly as it reaches me, venting no opinion one way or the other as to its plausibility.

A Boat-Race Postscript

Mr. Stuart's failure to stroke Cambridge to her fourth victory brought him general sympathy. He is, of course, not the heaven-born stroke that a large section of the Press have made him out to be. Three of the qualifications for that position — pluck, endurance, and watermanship—he possesses to an unlimited extent; but he does not appear ever to have realised that a heavy man cannot row as fast a stroke as a light one. In the four races which he won, three against Oxford and one against Harvard, he was meeting inferior opponents, and was able to get such an advantage in the first half of the course that he could take things comparatively easily afterwards; in the two races which he lost, to the Belgians at Henley and to Oxford the other day, his opponents, having succeeded in holding him up to half way, had the race in hand from that point. Doubts as to Mr. Stuart's capacity for stroking a heavy eight appear to have existed from the fact that Mr. Arbuthnot, a freshman, and a 10st. man, was put stroke during all the earlier part of the training, although Mr. Stuart was available.

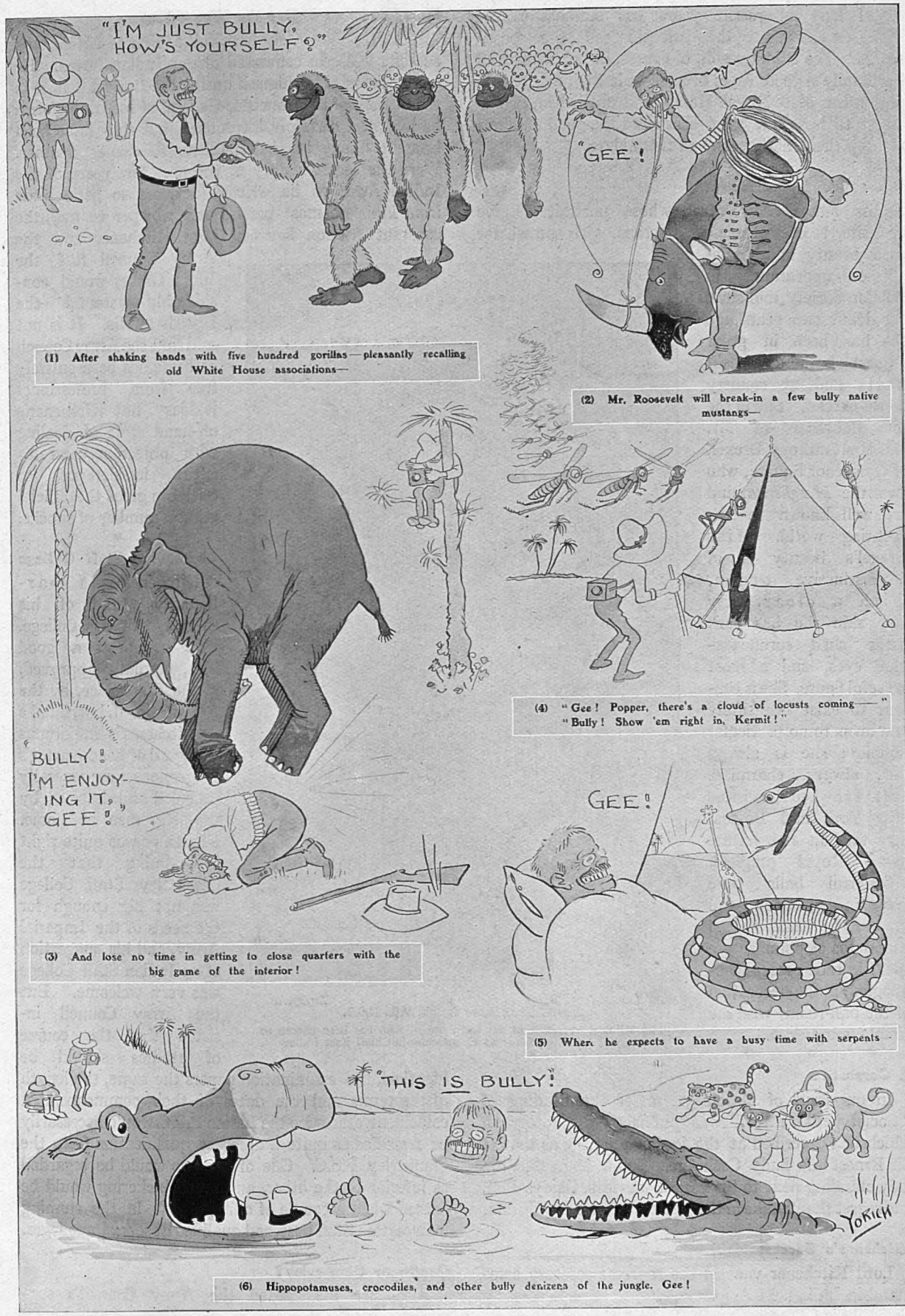
* * *

Princess Patricia

In response to the general wish of her friends and relatives, the Princess Patricia has consented to the appointment of a lady-in-waiting. The need for such an addition to the household staff is very obvious, and there is no need to attach importance to the tittle-tattlers who speak—in their own jargon—of the need to protect her pretty Royal Highness from the

Roosevelt Gets the "Long-lost Brother Grip"

FROM REPRESENTATIVE DENIZENS OF THE AFRICAN WILDS



(1) After shaking hands with five hundred gorillas—pleasantly recalling old White House associations—

(2) Mr. Roosevelt will break-in a few bully native mustangs—

(3) And lose no time in getting to close quarters with the big game of the interior!

(4) "Gee! Popper, there's a cloud of locusts coming——"
"Bully! Show 'em right in, Kermit!"

(5) When he expects to have a busy time with serpents

(6) Hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and other bully denizens of the jungle. Gee!

AN IDEA OF THE "REAL DIPPY WELCOME" THAT AWAITS MR. ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA

IMAGINED BY YORICK

attentions of too zealous and wholly ineligible admirers. Every young nobleman who speaks to the Princess is promptly heralded as a possible *fiancé*. Probably no Royal lady of recent years has suffered to the same extent from the attention of the busy-bodies. The Princess will, of course, in her own, and her family's good time, become suitably affianced to a member of a Royal House, and until then, people ought to have the good sense and the good manners to keep their idle theories to themselves.

* * *

A Beauteous American

Miss Marguerite Drexel, whose portrait I give opposite, is one of many American girls noted for their beauty and distinguished appearance in London Society, and since her début two years ago she has been in great request both at smart balls and at country house-parties. She is the sole daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel, of Grosvenor Square, who own the *Margherita*, and are well known in the yachting world. Miss Drexel's beauty is of a distinctive order. With a clear, very pale skin she has dark hair and cornflower-blue eyes, and a most graceful figure. She is content to exist beautifully and owns to no particular hobbies; she is always gay, always charming. Last year when she visited New York and Boston, hers was in the nature of a Royal progress. Wonderful balls were given in her honour, and at one, at least, several thousands of pounds were spent in rarest roses commingled, in the decoration of the ball-room, with the simple marguerite.

* * *

A Correction

In our issue of March 31, under the heading of "Society at Aintree," was published a photograph which was described at the foot of the page as that of Sir Ernest and Lady Cochrane. I now learn that the lady standing next to Sir Ernest was Mrs. Gladys Bell, and regret the mistake in the photographer's description.

* * *

Kitchener's Successor

Lord Kitchener vacates the supreme military command in India next August, and is to be succeeded by General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., K.C.B., the present Military Secretary at the India Office. He is to visit China and Japan before returning to Europe, no doubt to give the puzzled Army Council breathing-time to decide what to do with him.

* * *

How Kitchener Defied the War Office

The Press has lately been full of lists of Kitchener's exploits while in command of our Indian forces. He gave a list of them himself during the Budget debate in the Council of the Governor-General of India. Reforms he has most certainly introduced, but they have been brought about in the ebullient Kitchener manner. Were the secret history of the past few years of the Indian Army to be written (at least so little birds from India do most persistently whisper to me), the constant friction between Lord Kitchener and the Army Council (*viâ* the India Office) would considerably astound the British public. It is not said that the Army Council attitude has been entirely free from professional jealousy, but Kitchener's off-hand style of dealing with objections and his entire indifference to criticism gives the official mind a number of shocks.

Photo *Lafayette*

General Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., K.C.B.

The Military Secretary at the India Office, who has been chosen to succeed Lord Kitchener as Commander-in-Chief, East Indies

* * *

The Indian Staff College

Kitchener is particularly proud of his Quetta Staff College. Now here was a good idea, cordially approved, in the first place, by the Army Council, but, thanks to Kitchener's impetuous disregard of headquarter's suggestions, now generally ridiculed and despised by the big men at home. Kitchener was quite right in arguing that the Camberley Staff College was not big enough for the needs of the Imperial Army, and his suggestion of an Indian Staff College was very welcome. But the Army Council insisted that the course of studies should be identical, the examination papers the same, the length of the terms and the dates of their commencement coincident, otherwise the Indian P.S.C. would necessarily be regarded as quite a different qualification from the Camberley P.S.C. One of the two would be regarded as inferior to the other, and much bickering would be caused when a couple of officers, both in the running for a certain Staff post, had qualified at separate colleges.

* * *

Quetta or Camberley?

Kitchener disregarded the Army Council's suggestions, started his college on his own date and on his own lines, and the inevitable result has been that

An American Belle

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS MARGUERITE DREXEL

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Drexel, of Grosvenor Square, who are so well known in the yachting world

the Council, who distribute the staff appointments, are obliged to enquire "Camberley or Quetta?" when a P.S.C. officer's name is put forward for a vacant post. I may leave it to my readers to imagine which of the two is preferred, and the name of the particular college at which all ambitious officers prefer to graduate.

* * *

Kitchener and the Civil Service

The Indian Commander-in-Chief was never a man to get on very well with the Civil Service in India or at home. He is a man of sufficient individuality and strength of purpose to be able to do without expert advice even on matters with which the military are only connected in an indirect way, but permanent civilian officials generally regard him as a man riding for a fall. The permanent official is usually very careful and very far-seeing. His help is always willingly offered to temporary Parliamentary officials, but he is quick to shrink in his shell at the first sign of any intention to do without the assistance of his ripe experience.

* * *

A Surprising Oligarchy

Quite a naïve suggestion was made in a recent issue of the *Referee* to the effect that the King's Government is carried out, in fact though not in theory, by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, Lord Esher, Sir Ernest Cassel, and Lord Knollys. With the exception of the last-quoted, I beg cordially to differ from this list of names. There are quite a number of good people who imagine that they govern the Empire, and each has his own blind following. It does no one any harm, at any rate, and it provides our Permanent Under-Secretaries with a great deal of quiet amusement.

* * *

The Unhappy Cabinet Minister

No man so quickly realises his limitations or, in fact, his general uselessness as a newly made Cabinet Minister. Certainly he is not allowed to hear the guffaws that ring round the corridors of public offices when his appointment is announced. (I particularly remember the scenes of amusement when Dr. Macnamara, with his boundless knowledge of Cowper-Templeism and St. Augustine, was sent to the Admiralty to look after the King's Navy, and Mr. Winston Churchill, on the strength of his, to the nation, extremely expensive hunting tour, was appointed to take care of the nation's commerce at the Board of Trade.) But the polite contempt of the permanent official, with his quarter-century of experience, must prove very galling. What the new Minister considers his most brilliant suggestions for reform are surveyed from above the rim of shocked spectacles, and 701-Gen. Number-9985, a "paper" registered in 1884 or thereabouts, is calmly displayed before his eyes, showing that this very same brilliant notion was exploited in the Victorian era, and, after being exhaustively discussed, dismissed as impracticable.

* * *

Kindly Treatment

Parliamentary Secretaries and Under-Secretaries are, however, always very kindly treated. The Civil Servant sympathises with their painfully ridiculous position. He does his best to delude the poor M.P. that he is something more than an automatic autograph stamp. Sometimes the victim *is* deceived. Generally, if he be at all discerning, he recognises the absurdity of his position, and visits his department as rarely as possible. Then he becomes quite popular, and the permanent greybeards respect him. He will speak the speeches that they write for him and read their answers to the Parliamentary questions with quite convincing elocution. But woe betide him if called upon for an impromptu speech on matters affecting his department. His permanent cousin is not present, nor is his private secretary. Whatever he says will find its way into the *Times*, and until the permanent officials have damned or approved he is on tenterhooks.

Photo *Russell*

The Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Hardinge, G.C.M.G.

Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a man who has had more to do with the conduct of our foreign policy than any Cabinet Minister. He usually accompanies the King on his foreign visits

* * *

Always Conservative

The Government of England, it seems to me, will always be conservative. Permanent officials are generously assumed to have no politics, of course, but they cannot help having a tremendous respect for old traditions, precedents, and strictly constitutional procedure. They rule the Empire because they *know*, and because the Parliamentary nominal rulers don't know. And, as a rule, the latter are well content to leave the guidance of affairs in the hands of their experienced colleagues. There was, however, a young Liberal sprig who attempted recently to defy the expert's advice and take a step which he was assured was contrary to all precedent. "Precedent, precedent!" spluttered the young man, "I don't care a d——n for precedent!" "Nor did King Canute," murmured the permanent official.

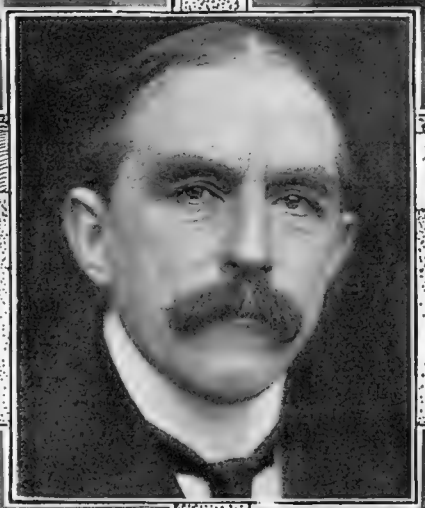
Ministers may come, and Ministers may go

The Empire's Real Rulers

But we (the permanent officials) go on for ever

Sir F. J. S. Hopwood, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.
Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies

Sir A. Godley, G.C.B.
Permanent Under Secretary of State for India



Sir H. Llewellyn Smith, K.C.B.
Permanent Secretary to the Board of Trade

Col. Sir E. W. D. Ward, K.C.B., K.C.V.O.
Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War

Sir George Murray, G.C.B.
Permanent Secretary to the Treasury

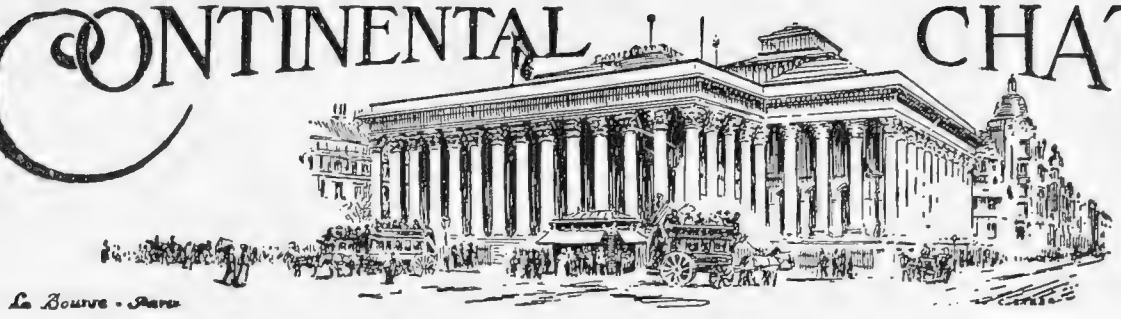
Some of the men who are always at the helm of the ship of State, and who are the only real rulers of our Empire, no matter what Government be in power

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, Beresford, and Russell

No Children's Charter For Me, Thank You!

This jolly little Dutch boy has distinctly got the laugh of his British contemporaries. Any attempt to restrict juvenile smoking in the land of the windmill and canal would probably produce an infants' revolution

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Wilhelm and Victor Emmanuel

The rumoured intention of the Kaiser to meet King Victor Emmanuel shortly has some significance at the present moment. The Italians are not at all pleased at the turn things have taken in the Near East. Their Queen being a Montenegrine, there has been great sympathy with the plucky attitude of the little principality, and Irredentists have taken advantage to the full of this sympathy, and fanned it into a certain vague hostility towards Austria-Hungary, the Italian political ally. There has also been the ill-feeling created by the University troubles between Italian and Austrian-speaking subjects of Francis Joseph at Innsbruck and Vienna. England and Russia having driven back Austria into the protecting arms of Germany, it is a part of Germany's new policy to pour oil on the sore spot in Italian susceptibility. Germany once more steps into the breach, so the Kaiser, by his flattering attentions to Italy, will show the store Germany sets by Italian friendship. And Germany again takes the leading part in Europe. The King of Italy is by no means a simpleton, and honeyed words are not sufficient to make him a docile servant of the Wilhelmstrasse.

ALLIED SOVEREIGNS SHORTLY TO MEET
The Kaiser (in Naval Uniform) and the King of Italy (in Military Uniform)
The two monarchs are shortly to meet in momentous conference, when high politics will be discussed. The question of Italy's continued membership of the Triple Alliance is hanging in the balance, and the recent assertion of Austro-German military strength has caused heart-burnings in the country, whose sympathies incline more towards the Triple Entente of England, France, and Russia

A Shrewd Monarch

In spite of efforts to drive Italy towards Germany, Victor Emmanuel is far too shrewd to mistake the Foreign Office for England. A clever little business man, he will hoist himself, as he usually does, into the corner of a lounge and be amiability itself; but he only knows one policy for Italy, and that is to cultivate the friends who buy from his subjects. He has no particular liking for the Germanisation of his country which has been going on for the last twenty-five years.

German Italy

All the Italian Riviera is saturated with Germanism. Capri practically belongs to the Krupps and other Germans. Wherever you go throughout Italy the language apart from Italian which you hear most is German, and nearly every commodity of life is imported from the Fatherland. The King deplores this invasion, and would like to see the English display a little more energy and try to regain the Italian market.

Happy Holland

Events in Holland have elsewhere received my attention. The Hollander just now is perfectly happy, and the best part of Europe rejoices with him. He does not care for an extended political freedom; he is neither a keen money-grabber nor ambitious for Parliamentary honour and achievement, but his love of independence is the strongest feeling he possesses. He idolises the independence of his house, of his family, and, above all, his own dear Sovereign of the House of Orange. Of late years, social functions at the Hague have been thrust into the background, and the usually silent Dutch give one the impression that already they had put on mourning in anticipation of the German yoke. As in many other small capitals, the Diplomatic Corps is very united, and of late years the principal entertainments have been given by them. Each Legation is preparing some elaborate function to congratulate Holland on taking a new position in the world, and each is trying to outvie the other in elegance. If Germany were well advised she would try and head this list, and in some way repair the damage done to Dutch *amour propre* by the frequent and tactless visits of the Prince of Reuss.

Prince Miguel of Braganza (right)
Who has just resigned his pretensions to the Portuguese throne. He is a famous gun, and shoots under the name of Comte de Neiva. Comte Erdody (left) is one of the best shots in Europe

Has Isvolsky Fallen?

The rumoured dismissa of M. Isvolsky after the recognition by Russia of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina has set public imagination all over Europe aflame. Has he been, in the eyes of his Imperial master, such a failure that he had to be punished in this ignominious way? Or has something occurred of which the public knows nought which brought down on his ill-fated head the wrath of his Sovereign? When M. Isvolsky succeeded Count Lamsdorf in 1906, everybody expected this brilliant young diplomatist, whose subtle diplomatic qualities the Royal family had had an opportunity of appreciating whilst he was Minister at Copenhagen, would give a marked new character to the foreign policy of his country. His entry on the scene was immediately followed by the *rapprochement* with England and an active penetration policy in Persia. Unfortunately, his Asiatic policy has been so active in Persia that it has worked out as anti-Liberal, and provoked hostility and distrust of him among the Russian progressists, and, in fact, throughout all ranks of the Duma. But this policy would not have killed Isvolsky's political career. He had a novice's belief in miracles, and, without knowing much about the political situation in the Balkans, he rushed headlong into some quixotic scheme, conceived in his Ministerial Cabinet, of creating a Slav confederation in the Balkans which would "dam" the current of Germanism in its *drang* southwards. He made his famous tour of Europe, and, with the novice's idea of diplomacy, of being all things to all men, he succeeded in making himself thoroughly distrusted, except in England, where gullibility may be said to have beaten all records. M. Pichon had to tell him frankly that his wild project of stirring up the Slav races against Austria-Hungary did not offer any prospects which would justify France continuing to follow her lead. Sir Edward Grey then became aware of the gravity of letting his country be dragged into a venture which could only lead to the disaster of a general war. M. Isvolsky's European policy has, therefore, led him into this position, that he had strengthened the bonds between Austria-Hungary and Germany, and was left by his allies, France and Great Britain, to fight them single-handed. A greater failure than this is hardly conceivable. He has humiliated his country and exposed it to a terrible war, and caused his allies to doubt the prudence of Russian policy.

When Slav Meets Slav?

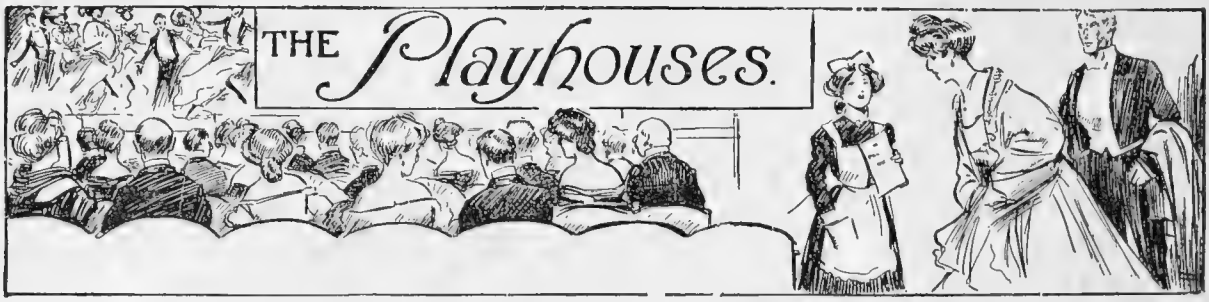
M. Isvolsky reminds one of a professional beau whose lady-loves have compared notes and found them identical. "*Il parle bien*," a witty Frenchman said of him, "*mais il parle trop et surtout trop aimablement.*" In the course of his journey he assured of his exclusive affection Edward VII., Tittoni, Aehrenthal, Buelow, and Clemenceau. Isvolsky, unlike most of the leading men in Russia, is a pure Slav. Aehrenthal, who is a mixture of Slav and Jew, saw through his racial compatriot, and has been *more* than a match for him.

Isvolsky's Successor

Tscharikoff, who is spoken of as Isvolsky's successor, first came into prominence at the Hague during the time the Hague Conference was sitting. He is small, with an interesting Russian head, and looks as if there were an ounce or two of Jewish blood in him. His wife is a charming and capable hostess and as versed in the art of bringing up children as she is in foreign politics. Tscharikoff himself is well up in the politics of his own country as well as those of its rival. If he be chosen, it will be, above all, because he is safe, and will be able to repair his country's damage to foreign policy.

TYPES OF QUEEN WILHELMINA'S QUAINT LITTLE SUBJECTS

(1) A Wayside Gossip (2) Mothering (3) His Easter Sunday Morning Best (4) Fathering (5) "We are Seven"



HAYMARKET THEATRE

The Beginning of a Comedy

Bevis drew a large and brilliant crowd to the Haymarket for its *première*. No doubt Mr. H. H. Davies and the management have scored a success, and the new comedy in three acts will take the taste of the Town for many a day. Everyone and everything was applauded, and sympathetic laughter greeted the lightest humours of the author and most farcical manœuvres of the actors. The simple, everyday, worldly story is that of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" up to date, fitted with the wise toleration of our period, and ending—perhaps in a cynical spirit—just as the hero and heroine are about to marry. To pursue the young Marquis of Bewdley (Mr. A. E. Matthews), and Rachel Hopkins (Miss Madge Titherage), the daughter of the prosperous brewer, beyond that point, would be to enter upon the real comedy of their lives. Mr. Davies sagaciously drops the curtain just as the play of serious interest might begin. He is wise in his generation, and will have his reward. The three acts will be found exactly to the Haymarket playgoer's taste.

Bridge and Bullion

The first act gives a pleasant, familiar picture of the Bewdleys' house in Park Lane. The Marquis's mother (Miss Henrietta Watson) and his uncle (Mr. C. M. Lowne) are neither of them good bridge players, and they want quite a lot of money, which they think should come to them by the marriage of Bevis, the Marquis, to an heiress. They approach the boy on the subject, as they have done many times before. He tells them he is already engaged to Miss Hopkins, who is rich and charming. Bevis knows his world, and although he wants to marry for love he will go where money is. All this is told very neatly and spiritedly, and acted by the three people concerned with absolute conviction. But Rachel Hopkins is romantic, in a becoming way. The settlements, in which Lady Bewdley and the uncle desire to share—for they are sometimes absent-minded in their gambling—create a disagreement. Rachel insists on being loved for herself alone. The affair is off, and the first act over.

Love—Alone

The other two acts are equally bright and lively. They show how a country house-party is devised to bring the hero in line with the heroine, and how Rachel then consents to take Bevis on the strictly worldly plan which all the characters want to see carried out. But now Bevis wants to be loved for *himself* alone. Mr. Davies arranges this matter with no slight charm and skill. The little intrigue which runs through the play seems occasionally as though it would snap and fall away, but with the aid of the excellently designed characters, such as Mrs. Pym (Miss Lottie Venne), Mr. Hopkins (Mr. C. V. France), and the rest, all goes well. It is, in fact, in the characterisation that Mr. Davies shows his powers. The dialogue is easy and casual and true, but the persons of the play are really the thing. Bevis himself is an admirable type of our day; not in the least overdone, but with every point and failing and charm reproduced. Mr. Matthews has placed himself inside the character, and gives us a most distinguished and accomplished result. If there were nothing else in the play, his portraiture of the pampered but by no means silly, headstrong but by no means ungenerous, young Marquis would make it live. But there is a great deal more. The farcical humours of Miss Lottie Venne and the comedy airs of Mr. Lowne, middle-aged lovers who cannot marry until they make something out of the wedding of Bevis and Rachel, are a constant delight, while Mr. France and Miss Watson play their parts straightforwardly and give strength to the fabric of the comedy. Miss Titherage looked charming, and

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Phyllis Acushla!

Miss Phyllis Dare, who will shortly appear as Eileen Kavanagh, an Irish girl, in the new musical play Mr. Robert Courtneidge is producing at the Shaftesbury Theatre

"BEVIS" AT THE "Haymarket"

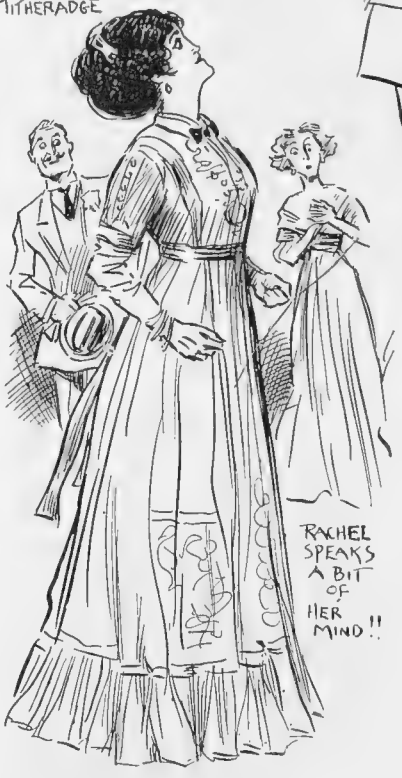
MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS "THE MATCHMAKING MRS PIM"!

MR C M LOWNE AS "LORD Herbert"

MISS HENRIETTA WATSON AS THE MARCHIONESS

MR A E MATTHEWS AS "THE MARQUIS of Bewdley"

"RACHEL" MISS MADGE TITHERADGE



RACHEL SPEAKS A BIT OF HER MIND!!

THE HAPPY ENDING!

BY NORMAN MORROW

acted with almost too much intensity and seriousness a part which the most experienced would have found difficult. Notwithstanding, the extremely worldly setting of the comedy, and the broadly farcical episodes, the author has managed to instil some spirit of romance into the love affair of Bevis and Rachel, and when the curtain falls on the picture of their embraces, mitigated by chocolate, one feels that Mr. Davies has won another victory for sentiment.

"Pride of the Regiment"

Among the many excellent one-act pieces which have been produced of late there are few so good as this little play by Mr. F. D. Bone, which achieved such a striking success on its first performance at the Haymarket. A mother induces a stern and rather unpleasant old soldier-father to take into his house their only son, who has been disgraced in his regiment. One's sympathies are entirely with the mother and son, and the situation is very dramatic and interesting. It gives Miss Cicely Richards a considerable chance of appeal as the mother, and enables Mr. Fisher White—who was so excellent as the inspired labour-leader in *Strife* last week—to give a sketch of a hard old sergeant who is all right when you know him. The little one-act piece is an admirable foil to the brightness of *Bevis*.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith

Who last night (Tuesday) produced, at the Criterion, a new farce by R. C. Carton, entitled *Mr. Preedy and the Countess*

THE COLISEUM

Madeleine

The impressive impresario of this lady, who has arranged for her appearance at the Coliseum, recently invited the Press, and many others, to an exhibition of her performance at the Savoy Hotel. The idea is evidently to provide some new thing in the Maud Allan manner. One Herr Schmidt-Esto is supposed to be a remarkable hypnotist, who suggests to Madeleine every step and movement of her dances. The idea is quite a pretty one, and Mr. Esto enters into it with great enthusiasm. The lady is apparently under his hypnotic influence for a very long time, and while in this state she dances to the music that is played, and represents such emotions as he wills by "terpsichorean evolutions." Madeleine, with eyes closed, hair and garments flowing, floats and glides about in the fashionable classic manner. Her face is the face of a Burne-Jones ideal, and, indeed, is not unlike the remarkable god in "Pan and Psyche." She is mysterious, graceful, weird. There is a haunting suggestion of—

> "The desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow,
> The devotion of something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow."

But she hardly convinces the lay mind that she is in an hypnotic trance. I feel sure that she is quite clever enough to dance in this way without the wonderful influence of Herr Schmidt-Esto, who rather gets in the way of the picture. The tempestuous skirt and flying tunic of the "classic" dances are greatly in evidence, but Miss Madeleine differs greatly from Miss Maud Allan, Miss Duncan, and Miss Dennis—for, at the Savoy at least, she wore very neat shoes and stockings.

Some Heckling

The funniest part of the exhibition was after the dancing, when some of the lights of the newspapers heckled the American gentleman who appeared to be bossing the show. In Germany many physicians had expressed the opinion that Miss Madeleine had given her dances entirely under hypnotic suggestion. The medical men at the Savoy were not so ready to give or sign their opinions. Dr. Kraft, of Strassburg, has written at great length on the subject, and adds that "the experiment carried out was most wonderful and important, both from a psychological and artistic standpoint." Our medical men appeared shy and retiring to the last degree, and the question as to whether Madeleine danced under hypnotic suggestion or without it rests on the very serious asseverations of the American impresario, who informed us that Madeleine was "a high-salaried number." Anyway, she can dance in the now fashionable manner very pleasantly, and with such an admirable agent for *réclaime* should have no difficulty in interesting all London.

LYCEUM THEATRE

"Hamlet"

Hamlet is drawing big houses to the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Matheson Lang, who has now quite recovered from his attack of influenza, gives a really fine interpretation of Hamlet, and Miss Hutin Britton, as Ophelia, is most realistic in the mad scene. Not enough attention has been drawn to the cleverness of Mr. Frederick Ross's ghost—this is a by no means easy part to enact, and it is most effectively done.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

A New Musical Play

Mr. Courtneidge has greatly improved the Shaftesbury Theatre, and the redecoration scheme is most effectively carried out in cream and gold and crimson. The new musical play is due about the 19th inst., and is by Mark Ambient and A. M. Thomson, with music by Lionel Monckton and Howard Talbot. An excellent cast will include that inimitable comedian Dan Rolyat, Alfred Lester, Henry Welchman, and Phyllis Dare.

EMPIRE.—COME INSIDE, New Revue. A DAY IN PARIS. LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN, B. COLLIER, Etc. WINTER IN HOLLAND. GRAND NATIONAL ON BIOSCOPE, Etc. EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

Coming to London to Play "Miss Innocence"!

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ANNA HELD

Who is shortly to appear in London in an American Musical Play, "Miss Innocence"

"To dread no eye is the greatest prerogative of innocence."—*Johnson.*

Inconsequences

Artist Returning from Sketching: Period—Louis XV.

Thousands of tons of chalk have fallen from the Shakespeare cliff at Dover. The *débris* has been bought up *en bloc* by a dairy company.

* * *

Answer to "Puzzled."—(1) Yes, the Daylight Saving Bill is so called because its object is the saving of electric light. (2) We do not know why; better ask some other paper.

* * *

We can feel no surprise at the long search for Mr. John Davidson. It has sometimes taken publishers years to find a poet.

* * *

"In spite of the huge space of the hall . . . his attitude was that of a man who is certain of an early return to power," says the *Daily Mail* of Mr. Balfour. In a moderately small building we presume the statesman would have shown the cringing cowardice of a permanent political outcast.

* * *

Defective heating apparatus is given as the cause of a fire which has destroyed the tower of a church near Chester. To the lay mind the heating apparatus would seem to be quite active enough. One trembles to think what the damage would have been if it had been in thorough working order!

* * *

One of the dailies speaks of "such *bourgeois* subjects as grammar and temperance." Other vulgar branches of education studied by the lower classes are honesty, patriotism, and religion.

* * *

Much indignation is felt among the *jeunesse dorée* of the West End at the proposal for a tax on puppies at the Battersea Dogs' Home

* * *

Kalman Rev, the latest infant prodigy, played, at the age of four, on an instrument made of Indian corn. All that is necessary for this sort of thing is to have a good ear. (Atrocious!—Ed.)

* * *

Ballooning is recommended by a racing man for "professional men and brain-workers." The distinction is invidious, but in many cases accurate. In which class should we place Statesmen?

* * *

We read that there is now a strong demand for English jewellery. That is obvious. A man was so set upon having some specimens the other day that he broke a shop window and took a handful.

"Under-employment is the main cause of pauperism," is a quotation from a Royal Commission report. True, when one comes to look into it, if everyone were in a well-paid post there would undoubtedly be less destitution in this country. We should go even further, and assert that want of money is at this moment the crying need of the poorer classes.

* * *

With a just sense of "fitting the crime," the Manx House of Keys is thinking of disfranchising persons who do not exercise the vote. It reminds us of the proposal of the Irish orator to expel all absentee landlords from the country. Why not punish Suffragettes who try to force their way into the House by compelling them to attend every sitting of the Session? However, perhaps this is vindictive.

* * *

Reprint from *The National Review*, April, 1809.—"Alarming disclosures are to hand as to the secret preparations of the Emperor Napoleon for the invasion of England. Supposing the present rate of construction to continue, it is calculated that by 1811 our two-Power standard in three-deckers and frigates will be a thing of the past, and England will have permanently lost her command of the sea. Military experts are of opinion that about 1815 a disaster to Viscount Wellington may be expected, which will leave Napoleon the dictator of Europe."

* * *

In the Reichstag a Statesman has announced that the peace of the world depends on the bayonets of Germany. Only let Germany have anything she asks and she will refuse to disturb the harmony of Europe!

* * *

This Week's Sporting Notion.—The word "umpire" is derived from two words, "'ump" and "ire," which mean pretty much the same thing, and express the sentiments (intensified) of the onlookers and players towards the official whom, in combination, they designate.

* * *

Father and Home, the new penny weakly. The first number will contain the following "specials": (1) How to make home just like a club. An invaluable recipe for deceiving the head of the household. (2) Unscratchable key-plates. Illustrated. (3) A striking series—"Ideal Fathers." No. 1: Henry the Fourth, King of England.

Forgotten Feats of the British Navy

NO. 2.—THE CAPTURE OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE—H.M.S. "ARGO," THE INFANT DREADNOUGHT

LIEUT. JASON, R.N., SECURES THE DOORMAT OF HIS HEART

THE NARRATIVE *(carefully revised)*.—Like most good sailors, Lieutenant Jason, R.N., of H.M.S. *Dreadnoughtette*, had a swee heart in every town. His particular friend in the town of Colchis was Miss Medea, who kindly showed him the way to the wood where a bad-tempered dragon guarded the Golden Fleece. Jason slew the dragon, and for many years used the wonderful fleece as a doormat

No. III. Next Week]

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

Canada's Real Opinion of England

THE IMPRESSIONS OF AN ENGLISHWOMAN

By MRS. GEORGE CRAN

Mutual Misunderstandings

The average Englishman regards Canada as a vast plain of alternate snow and wheat, or else as a speculative habitation for spare capital; never as a beautiful, spacious home. The bulk of Canadians, in their turn, regard England as a high-spirited ward is liable to regard a wealthy guardian of cranky temper—a guardian whose powers of control must terminate with the ward's maturity, and who will probably be dearly loved from the perspective of release; but who, meanwhile, is to be endured, and considerably grumbled at. The traveller from these islands to the big Dominion is apt to start out with the erroneous idea that his nationality will give him prestige over there, will excuse, perhaps idealise, any eccentricity on his part, and any ignorance of his destination. This apprehension is inevitably subject to many shocks, and his pride of race is violently thrust back upon him during his sojourn in Canada. The Canadian, generally speaking, regards the Englishman with little of his own regard for himself, and does not share his pride in the little island home whence he comes. The man who is proud of the past is unlikely to find much in common with the man who is proud of the future.

"See what we have done," cries the Englishman, and "See what we are going to do," cries the Canadian!

Excellent prides, both of them; in the vital energy which impels the latter one is prone to overlook the element of uncertainty it contains.

Poor Old England!

"Your country is worn out!" said a young Ontarian to the writer recently. "Your roads; have hedges, and are kept like park-walks; every hill is labelled 'Caution'; every turning has a sign-post to tell which way to go. Your very roads nurse and pamper the intelligence out of a man. Why I'd soon learn to rely on signs instead of the sun for my direction if I lived there; and I'd forget to shoot if I had your country; every acre of bush has a 'trespass-board' in it instead of something for the pot. Your country is worn out."

The narrowness of outlook displayed in these remarks will be derided by the superficial reader; but there is, in fact, reason in the view taken by so many Canadians. We are in danger of becoming a nation of cities, an urban race unfitted to wrestle with the wild. Only they judge us as already unfit who are, as yet, only becoming unfit.

Mixed Blood

The population of Canada, which is less than that of London alone, is drawn from many sources; its prairies are tilled by Italians, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Galicians, Doukobours, and Americans, besides the French and English. In British Columbia yellow labour swarms; the costly, excellent "boy" is at once the heartburn and the godsend of the Pacific Province; he is felt to be a menace and a necessity, and is regarded with the oddest mixture of distrust and gratitude. That same uncertainty of attitude in a modified degree obtains towards the French element in Canada, and towards the powerful and yearly growing contingent from the States. The general idea over here is that Canada is peopled with Britons, with a certain admixture of old French blood; that the two get on capitally, and unite in adoring England and everything English. Never was such folly. Canada welcomes to her shores every man of every race who will work her soil and obey her laws; she draws her people from every nation, and the English settler has *not* proved himself the best man. The Italians and Galicians show infinitely greater adaptability, greater industry, greater patience. A certain proportion of Canada's English settlers has, unfortunately, been drawn from the wastrels of our upper classes, and a large proportion from the very poor. As yet the average decent, hardworking, intelligent, middle-class Englishman has not made his mark on public opinion. Oddly enough—and this is a fact—the English woman in Canada is everywhere welcomed and valued.* In the North-West, where wives are scarce, a work of Empire awaits the women of breed and endurance who will settle on the prairie homesteads and rear their children in the best traditions of Britain. Canada can do with citizens who put honour before wealth; and Britain greatly needs, if she only knew it, a loyal leaven in her greatest Colony.

Hints for the English

I do not speak wildly. From Montreal to Victoria, in the Eastern cities, through the prairies, across the Rockies, in British Columbia itself, most English of all the Canadian provinces, I heard last autumn abuse of English pride, English stupidity, arrogance, indolence. I have notes of the names of the speakers, and of what they said, for any who care to ask.

And I suggest that the way for England to right herself is to take the line of least resistance. To encourage her surplus population of healthy, high-spirited girls to leave their efforts at barren independence in the Old Country and settle to wifehood and motherhood in the New.

Great Britain might, also, with advantage, see to it that more of her daily and magazine Press finds its way over there. The country is inundated with "literature" from the States, and begins to model its own Press ideals thereon. One refrains from comment. But there is a fine opening for an Anglo-Canadian magazine that shall describe Canada to the English and England to the Canadians, without a suspicion of political or commercial bias.

[**In a forthcoming issue will appear another article by Mrs. George Cran, entitled "The Women Canada Wants."*]

Canada's Chilly Reserve

SPECIMENS OF HER ICE BLOCKS, OF WHICH SHE IS SO MODESTLY RELUCTANT THAT ENGLISHMEN SHOULD KNOW

ICE BLOCKS FLOATING OUT OF RED RIVER AT WEST SELKIRK, MANITOBA

"Our Lady of the Snows" never liked Mr. Rudyard Kipling's chilly compliment. We only publish the above photograph from a stern sense of duty, lest our readers be deluded into thinking that Canada is a land of sun-parched prairie and blistering heat. The Red River of the North rises in Elbow Lake, Minnesota, near the sources of the Mississippi, forms the boundary between Minnesota and North Dakota, and flows into Manitoba and through a flat country to Lake Winnipeg. The course is 655 miles (525 miles in the United States). The Red River Rebellion of the Canadian half-breeds (1869-70) was headed by Louis Riel and suppressed by Lord Wolseley

In this series of drawings, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, whose "Modern Rake's Progress" will be remembered by readers of THE BYSTANDER, *turns his satire on to the Débutante.*

THE EDUCATION

A NEW SERIES OF SOCIA

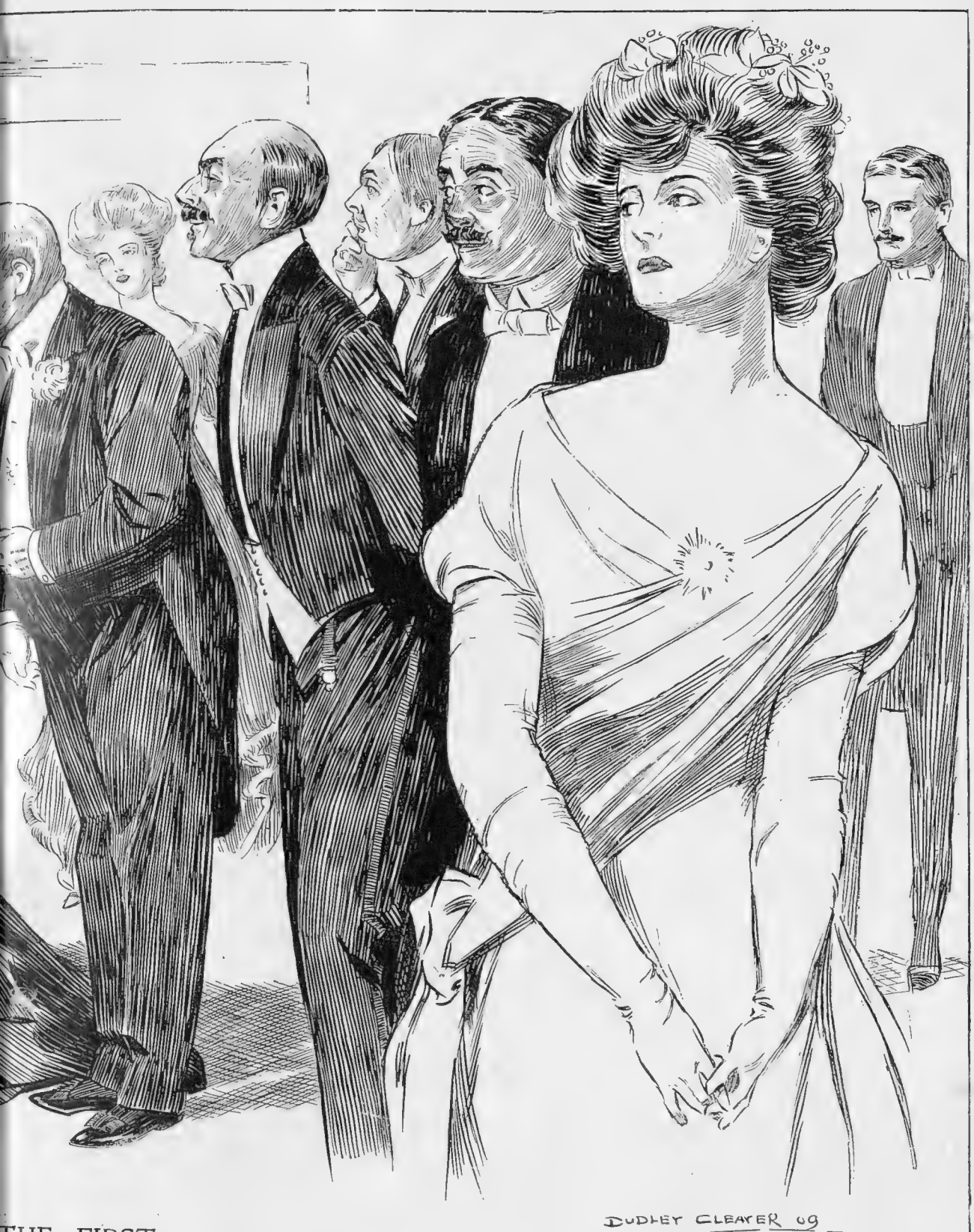
LESSO

She receives at her coming-out dance a ba
and learns that bullion and

F A DÉBUTANTE

RES BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

His intention is to depict the various "lessons" learned by her in the course of the season, under the system of education favoured by the fond parent of the present day



THE FIRST :

of selected "eligibles," introduced by her mother,
eauty are not synonymous terms

The Swooning Sun

WHEN THE GREY SEA AND THE GREY SAILS TURN ROSY IN THE BLUSH OF SUNSET

SUNSET, OFF BRIGHTLINGSEA

"When the stars twinkle down to the sea-line,
And the sea stretches dim to the skies,
And westward in splendour of flaming surrender
The swooning sun smoulders and dies"

"The Bystander" Series of Short Stories

UNTO EACH HIS OWN

By XENO W. PUTNAM

"AND see here, Cassidy"—the chief wheeled suddenly in his chair with one of those rare bursts of human feeling that had endeared him to the boys—"if I were you, I wouldn't come back this time without making good. The old man likes you, Jack—he liked your father—and he's giving you the chance of your life to-night. But it's all off, old fellow, if you fail again; remember that."

The young face flushed; then a white-haired mother, pleading with him to protect her darling from torturing publicity, showed through the mist of a half-formed tear, and there was no regret. He would make good. There were only the cruel waves to appeal for mercy to-night; the relentless wind and the sea. It surely would require no hardness of heart to describe the wreck of the "Eugenia Belle."

It would take nerve, though, and a good stout heart. He realised it the instant he turned into the street and set his face towards the blinding storm. At the crossing below, he felt the relief of the solid masonry that broke the wind, and hurried towards the ferry, with its ribbon of mist and army of bellowing boats.

Down on the unprotected coast the storm was awful. It piled the waves up mountain high. It hurled them to pieces against the resisting rocks. It crushed the water itself into a spray, which it sent flying upward until the turbulent storm-clouds of the earth were mingled with those of Heaven. Even the shriek of the wind was smothered to a spiritless wail by the roar of these resistless mountains hurling themselves against mountains that never stirred. It was a sight worth miles of travel to see, and one that, having seen, the average man would go many miles to avoid seeing again. And, in the midst of this carnage of the elements, this battle between the air, the rocks, and the sea, so near that the clinging victims upon it could be distinctly seen from the beach, so distant that the mortar on shore dropped the life-line a little short of its mark, hung the wreck of the "Eugenia Belle."

Safely back from the wave-pounded beach a crowd of sympathetic watchers braved the fury of the heavens and waited—helpless. Upon the straining, shuddering ship a smaller band still braved—though despairingly enough—the fury of the sea, and waited—helpless. While down, so near the water's edge that they seemed braving the fury of the heavens and the sea combined, was yet another group, from the life-saving station, who waited—helpless as the rest.

Their best had been done long before, soon after the vessel struck, but had accomplished no more than the idle watching that followed. Their cannon had failed them; the lines fell short. Their boat was wrenched from the track and wrecked before it could even be launched. In vain they had signalled the men on the rock-tortured ship to cast a line on the surging waves on the chance of its drifting athwart the beach. They failed to respond, and no other sound was audible above the awful uproar among the rocks and the voice of the storm.

To Cassidy this wild tumult was music; the wreck but a call to duty. For two years he had fought amid similar scenes, in a life-saving station hundreds of miles away, and he loved the life. To leave this turmoil of the sea for the tumults of commercial life had been a bitter trial, but one that was forced upon him by an unrelenting fate. Now all of this wild grandeur came to him as the "call of the wild"; the summons of Mother Ocean to her own.

A few sharp questions put him in possession of the truth. There was nothing more for anyone to do but wait; nothing—till the bodies floated in. Cassidy knew the sort of men he was questioning: tender as women in their quick sympathies, but with hearts of steel in facing danger. He did not need to ask what had been done, or what could be done on that coast; and yet there flashed into memory a plan that, usually failing, he had once known to succeed.

His work, his report, his waiting chief were all forgotten. He had come there unformed in the reporter's purpose, and had heard his old love calling him away, chiding, taunting him with the heroic achievements of his earlier profession. Of course he listened.

As he gathered his flapping coat closer around him and lowered his head to the storm, a familiar voice, the "old man's," spoke at his ear.

"I don't know where you are going, my boy, but I can read the purpose in your face—to rescue those poor fellows yonder. Take my car; it is swift. Make it swifter if you can."

The road was soft and slippery, but clear of travellers, and, bringing the auto into the beaten track, the young man bent his head and swung into the storm. As if anticipating his mission, the wind snapped spitefully at him and clutched greedily at every garment with a persistent force that sent them streaming out behind him. He cared for nothing so long as nothing checked his speed. Sometimes the driving clouds of spray came rolling over him in a blinding, overwhelming

(All rights strictly reserved)

mist, but he saw none of it ; only a shivering, pounding boat. The roar of the storm, the rushing wind among the rocks above him, and the furious waves below, lined each side of his route with a deafening, tremulous howl, but he did not hear it. The cries of those ship-wrecked sailors rang loudly in his ears and shut out every other sound.

At a turn of the coast he swung his car short off to the right, as though bent on leaving this hideous scene behind ; then, skirting the bay, turned back again, when opposite a narrow point, and headed straight for the sea. At the end of the road he left his machine and went crashing down to the water's edge by a land-locked cove that opened into the bay. He seemed familiar with the ground. Why not ? For six years this had been his father's summer home, and in those happy old days he had boated and fished until he knew every rock along that coast, where rocks were as plentiful as air.

At the boat-house door he snatched up a heavy stone and brought it down with crushing force upon the lock ; then, in the semi-darkness, swept the useless fishing truck from the trim motor-boat, and weighted it down with ballast. The tank was full ; he had filled it the previous day himself, in advance of a fishing-party. The rudder responded true as a watch, and, with a chug ! chug ! chug ! the frail little craft rushed out into the blinding storm.

The waves of the bay were nothing for that boat, with that man at the helm, but, after the point had been turned, it was presently exposed to the full fury of the sea. With marvellous grit, but a strength that amounted to nothing in the rush of waters, it churned its way into the midst of the channel ; now high in the air, now down in the trough of the sea. Sometimes, as a great wave snapped it spitefully up, it was lifted bodily into the air and plunged into the boiling water over the crest. Still it bobbed valiantly along with the drift of the billows, against which it was helpless in all things but its own persistent buoyancy.

Cassidy, his clothing soaked, his head bare, and his eyes smarting with the salty water, clung desperately to the helm. Many a time he had drifted over that course in milder weather, and he knew the waves, if they did not engulf him first, would carry him past the wrecked ship, past the waiting multitude on the beach, straight to that ribbon of rock that no mortal could encounter in that storm and live. He knew the chance was one in a thousand ; it was the one chance he was hoping to win, and, with the skill of long training, he endeavoured to enhance it all he could.

Sometimes, lost down between two liquid mountains, his heart failed him a little. He was so near, it seemed to him so very near, the bottom of the ocean. What if he should never come up to the surface again, or should be swept by some mysterious undercurrent from his course. The consequence to himself he had weighed and accepted before making the attempt ; he was only oppressed by the thought that, if he failed, if he should miss the ship entirely, those poor men would have to perish, for he could not turn and come back to them again. There was but the one chance. Well, they would be no worse off than if he had not tried at all ; only he must not fail. His own great peril was not considered, though he knew well enough that there was but the one chance for him, either. Presently he would come gliding up to the top of a wave again and cast a hurried, anxious glance about before plunging out of sight over the vast stretch of heaving mountains, each like himself, in quest of the wreck. Sometimes he missed seeing it, and went sweeping down the long slope in a whirl of apprehension. Sometimes he caught a fleeting glimpse of it still in the distance, far ahead, but with every billow sweeping him nearer to it.

With all his strength he tried to keep his boat across the waves, but the helm, always so obedient to his hand before, struggled and tugged against it now until his palms were raw and the fingers slippery with their own blood. He wiped them impatiently upon his clothes, lest they should hinder his grip, then seized the wheel more determinedly than ever.

Sometimes, in the solitude of water, with the bottom of the sea so near, he imagined he could hear the voices of wrecked sailors drowned there years before, and that they spoke to him ; indeed, he seemed to see their cold, dead faces looking up at him from the sands below. Once he tried to stop the boat, the vision was so real, but with a gurgle that sounded like the laugh of some spiteful sea-nymph, the waters snatched it along and carried it towards other voices on ahead.

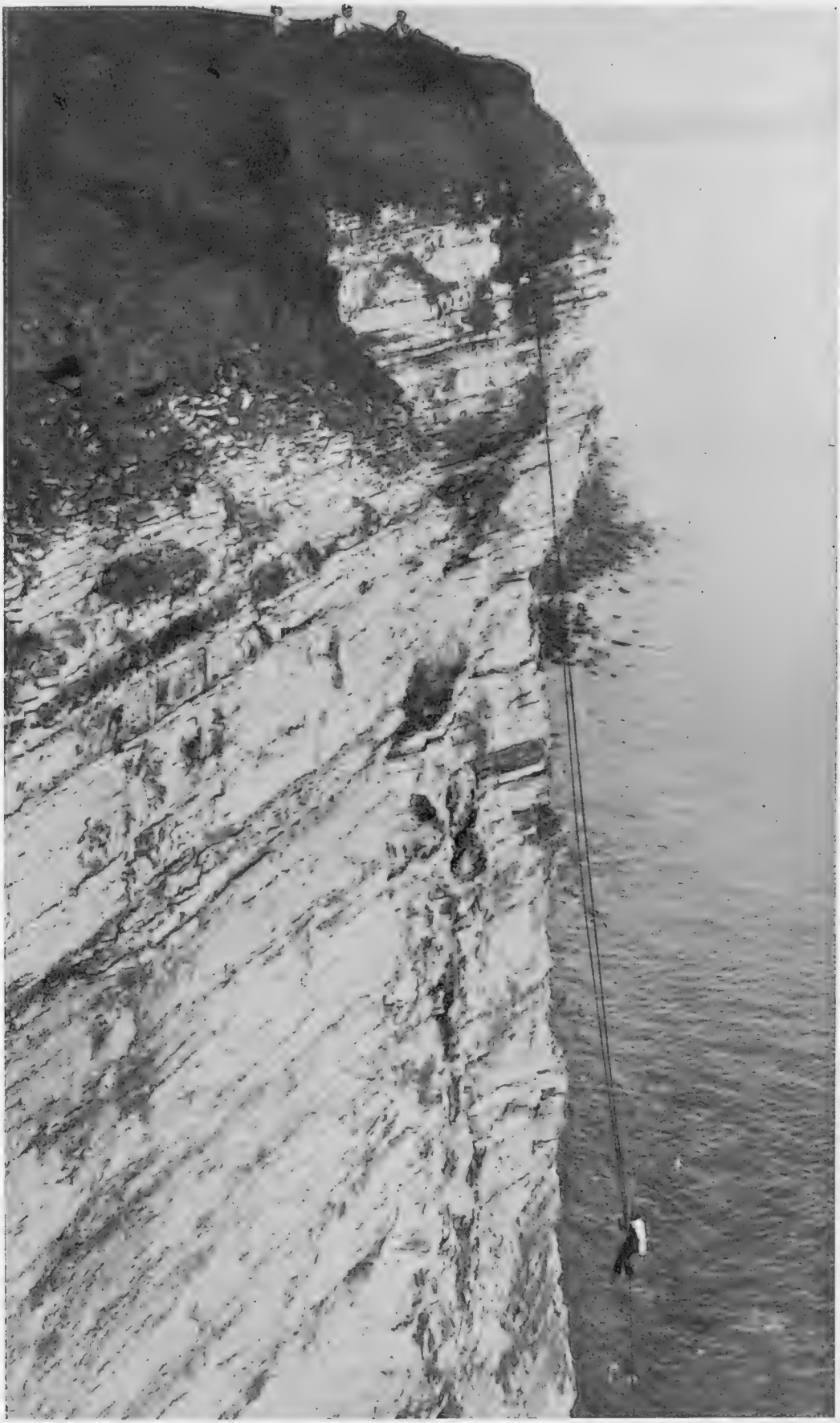
A shout aroused him. As he came sweeping up to the surface on the crest of a great wave he suddenly saw that he was passing the wrecked ship, only a little to the right. Something hissed at him in the air ; something long and slimy, that slapped spitefully across the bow of the boat, now plunging down into another trough, and then went coiling out beyond it. He knew a line had been thrown out to him, and, though it was what he wished, he felt a thrill of dread as he drew it in, lest those on the ship should think him floating helplessly past and should try to draw him aboard. But the men on board were sailors, all, and they understood. The line paid out smoothly, feeding every demand of his drifting boat, and he was presently again in earnest consultation, in the trough of the sea, with those dead faces of the past.

It was well for him, perhaps, that the salt spray lashed about his bleeding hands until the torture brought him to a realisation of his surroundings, else he might not have heard the booming gun fired on the beach. It made him watchful, and he prepared to seize the second line that presently came whizzing over his head, then fell across the waves, too far back. Another followed, straight and true, catching his boat amidships. With a glad cry he released the struggling wheel and knotted the two lines together, the one from the shore and the one from the wreck, until his bleeding fingers nearly failed him ; then, twining the free ends about his person, and, patting the gunwale of the boat as though saying good-bye to something that he loved, sprang from it, as the crest of a wave was reached, into the foaming water.

The watchers on the beach saw him plunge, and fell upon the rope, no longer helpless. Those on the wreck waited in breathless admiration, paying out the line as it was needed, forgetful, in his danger, of their own and of the furious elements that surrounded them. The voices below spoke to him louder than ever now, and the long, slimy fingers, filthy with dripping sea-weed, reached boldly up, trying to drag him to the bottom as he swam. They seized him with their cold, fishy hands ; he tried to beat them off. They threw their clinging arms about him and impeded his

(Continued on page 84)

When Egg-Hunting is Exciting



GATHERING SEA-BIRDS' EGGS AT BEMPTON

The head of the precipice, it will be noticed over-juts the base, so that the collector when lowered from the top hangs out some distance from the cliff-wall where the coveted eggs are concealed. He reaches them by imparting a pendulum-like motion to the rope, swinging into the cliff snatching the eggs, and pushing away again with his feet

(Continued from page 82)

movements. They tugged and dragged at him with their united weight until, worn out by the long struggle and no longer able to move hand or foot, he surrendered himself into their waiting arms and let them bear him to the bottom over which, as he presently touched it, he felt himself being carried swiftly back, back, back, so far that the next wave which came rolling in pursuit broke with a disappointed hiss almost at his feet.

The life-line once established, the work of rescue was a quick and simple task, although young Cassidy saw none of it. He was pummelled and rolled about until unable, in his imagination, longer to bear the treatment, he finally came back to life to escape it, just as the last of the shipwrecked crew came in.

"Look yonder," exclaimed someone, and Cassidy, looking with the rest, saw, with a pang of regret, a stout motor-boat, its propeller still revolving, dashed into splinters against the rocks at which he had so recently been heading.

The loss of his boat shook his wandering senses suddenly together. "My paper!" was his first thought, and, dripping as he was, he struggled to his feet and started for the telegraph office to wire a message to his chief. This completed, he strolled quite leisurely down the street and hunted up the only local hotel, his duty done.

. . . . .

In the home office the managing editor sat restlessly at his desk awaiting word from Cassidy. Had he failed them again, here, in his natural element, where they had a right to expect so much? Hendrick came bustling in, laden with news.

"It's a great story. The 'Eugenia Belle's' crew were all rescued a few minutes ago by the most heroic act ever done. The *Chronicle* has a two-column story, and the *Gazette* will make it their leader. It's great. Hasn't Cassidy reported yet?"

The chief shook his head gloomily.

"Depend upon it, he is going to scoop the bunch," continued the irrepressible Hendrick. "He'll have a story for your life, and it will be good, for—ah!"

They crowded around the desk as the wire began to click. Cassidy's report was coming. With a thrill of pleasure that even the oldest newspaper man cannot outlive when he gets a tale of heroism worth while, the chief began to take off the message.

"The crew of the 'Eugenia Belle' were taken ashore safely by the life-saving service here late this evening, without the loss of a man. The ship is breaking up fast, and will be a total loss."

The message stopped, and the impatient chief waited, pencil in air. It did not resume. "What the dickens——" He dropped his pencil hastily, and began to bang the key.

No, there was nothing more for him. The young fellow who sent in that report had gone away. No, there was no one they could send after him, and, besides, they did not know where to send.

By reproducing the remarks of their chief during the next few minutes, the waiting reporters might have collected a story quite as exciting as the one the *Chronicle* was going to exploit, though some of it was hardly fit for publication. A three-line report for a story the other papers were going to feature! Then silence reigned again, broken only by the voice of the wire. Perhaps, after all, Cassidy had made good; perhaps the report was coming.

It was. The wire poured out the story of a hero in such forceful language, and twined about it so much human sympathy, that those who stood around the instrument felt the red blood flush into their faces and great lumps of emotion rise up into their throats as they received it. It was a story of human life, with all of its higher impulses translated to the world by a mind that rang true to the same high impulses. It was a story of Nature's grandeur in her wildest moods; of human terror, human despair; of more than human resolution, self-sacrifice, and courage, crowned with the triumph of success. It was a spontaneous appeal of a heroic life that had been lived in the writer's soul to the most generous impulses of the everyday life to which it was made. It was an appeal that breathed; a story that went to the heart; a message that transferred a heroic act to the printed page with all its native thrills and impulses complete. But it was not Cassidy's report.

Thrilled to the soul by his young reporter's act of supreme daring, and moved no less by the unconscious simplicity of the hero, the "old man" had come back for a half hour to his own. Forgetting, for the time, his wealth and influence, he had taken up the trenchant pen of his youth, and, pouring his soul into the story of a fellow reporter's simple-hearted heroism, had made it his masterpiece. Then, bethinking himself of his supreme authority, closed the message with the trite order to his managing editor:

"Give this the whole front page, and run in the boy's latest picture. Give him the freedom of the paper, or of the city, if he wants it. Jack Cassidy is a born hero, and he has made good to-day on heroism."

And in the meantime, Cassidy, unconscious that he had done anything unusual, his little three-line despatch sent, and his duty as reporter finished to his satisfaction, had gone quietly to bed, happy in the thought that not a man on the "Eugenia Belle" was lost, but with a renewed longing for his old wild life and stormy battles with the sea.

XENO W. PUTNAM.

THE LAST STRAW

(The "Lancet" has discovered that the morning cup of tea is not without its dangers.)

Should you my figure close observe,
You'll see it daily dwindle;
My cheek is pale, my shoulders curve,
And both my legs are spindle.
For I, in a compliant mood,
Have followed utter strangers,
Who warned me that no drink or food
Was "quite without its dangers."

I've been and cut off one by one
All things that please my palate,
Until I cannot hold a gun,
Or lift a croquet mallet.
One joy alone was left to me
By these grim re-arrangers—
And now my morning cup of tea
Is "not without its dangers."

Until this moment I've obeyed
Each dictate of the *Lancet;*
But, now this last attack is made,
In future I shall "chance it."
The ghouls whose writing's on the wall
Are merely dogs in mangers—
The act of living, after all,
Is "not without its dangers"!

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

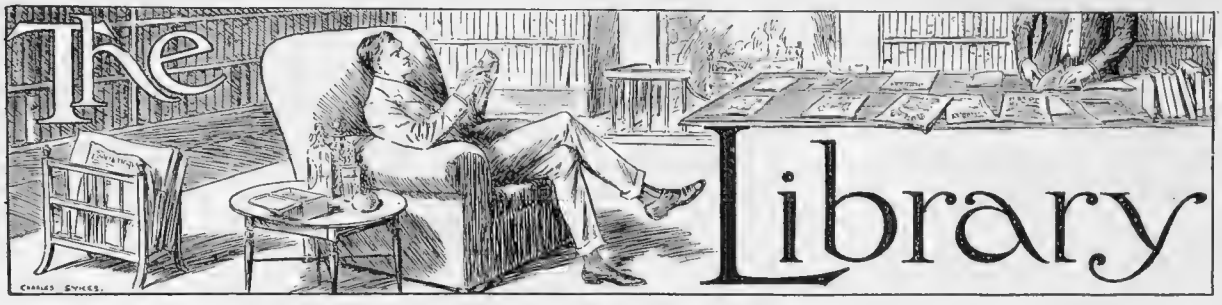
By the Laughter of Playing Waters

A CHARMING JAPANESE CASCADE

Photo *H. C. White and Co.*

AT THE STEPPING-STONES BY THE TAMADARE WATERFALL, JAPAN

A cascade of beauty beyond the folding of the mists, beyond the darkness of the cedar-shadows, laughing at the light wind that stirs the snow of the flowers of the cherry, whispering happily to the vast green silences



The Decline of the Cynic in Journalism

"My boy is such a terrible cynic—do you know, I think he ought to go in for journalism." This remark, from the lips of a typical modern mother of my acquaintance, represents probably a very general idea as to the needful qualification for the literary career of to-day. How deliciously wrong is it to those who know! As if cynicism were not as hopeless a disqualification for the successful journalist as a shaky hand would be to an aspiring surgeon, or a foul tongue to a budding evangelist. It is the converse of the cynic who is most needed in the newspaper office—the person who starts out filled with the blandest innocence and optimism, whose axiom is "*Everything's* new under the sun." The journalistic craft of the day is to invest all things with the halo of novelty. "Discover everything afresh!" is the *mot d'ordre* of the ideal news-editor to his myrmidons. The journalist must thump on the topics as a virtuoso on the piano, ever seeking the opportunity for emphasis. A Statesman platitudinises publicly for three successive days—up he goes on the pedestal, a hero! Never before was such a man! The diplomatist secures the signature of a *modus vivendi*, which saves the possible war. PEACE! you yell from the column-tops, as though Peace were something unheard of, instead of being a hardy diurnal of unbreakable dismality.

Supplied by W. S. Lincoln and Co.

A Sensational Stamp

Which has just been issued by the kingdom of Abyssinia. It is stated that the curious-looking label is the work of Queen Taitou, who wishes, by means of the central design, showing a vacant throne, to prepare her subjects for the death of the Emperor Menelik

The Need for Optimism

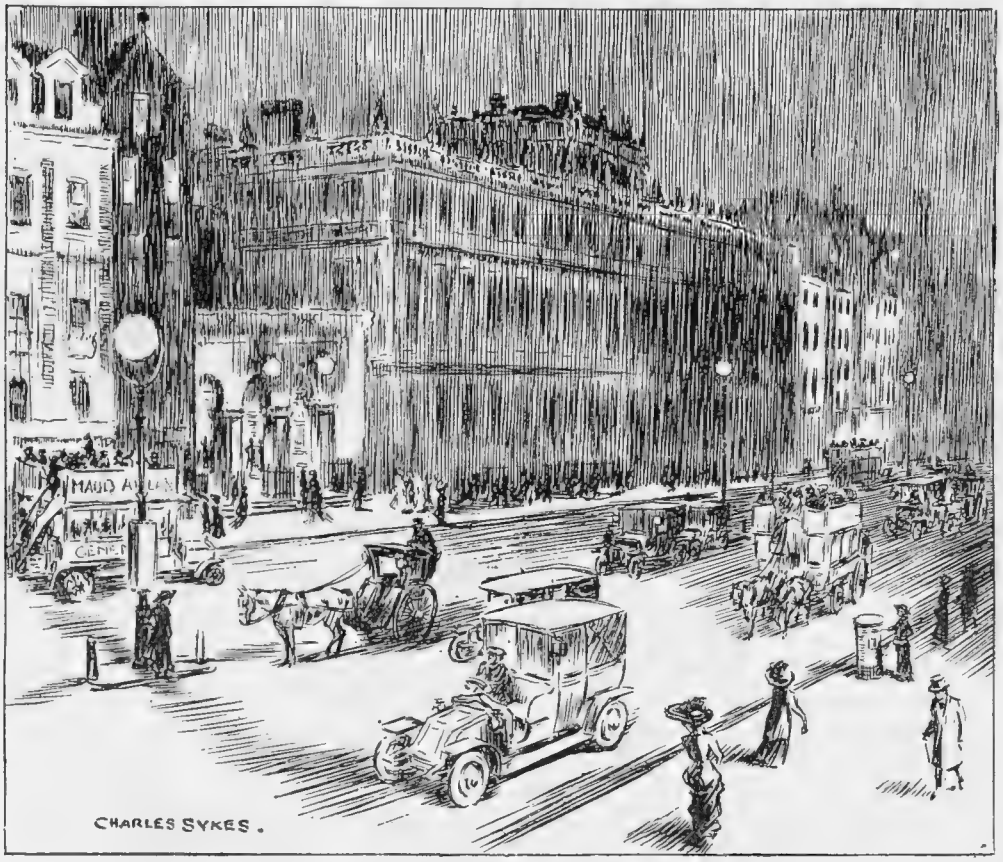
Similarly in the world of sport. The Boat Race must be thought out as something wholly new. Putney and Mortlake must be magicised, invested with sacred mystery. The senses must be dazzled with the contrasted hues of the rival blues, who, for the day, must be elevated into not collective but individual heroes. Each man's height and breadth and girth must be described, his inner soul, so far as possible, revealed. Likewise with other events that have to be recorded as the season advances. Later, people begin, as, in spring, since the beginning of the world they always have done and always will do, to put on lighter clothing. The first day they do so definitely, no matter whether it be in April, in May, or in June, must be, by the ever-jubilant newsman, made into a day of literary feasting. The topmost superlatives must be rolled out; the poets must be borrowed from. The Derby will, inevitably, have its day at the end of May. It, too, must be contemplated as Shackleton contemplated the Pole he didn't reach—as a Phenomenon never gazed on by mortal man. What the Derby is, why, when, where—all must be told anew to the Cockney whose carnival it is supposed to be, as though he had never heard of it before. Similarly "Sunny Ascot," "Royal Henley," "Glorious Goodwood"—each of the time-honoured carnivals must be conceived with largeness of mind and immensity of verbiage as Phenomena! In our day, there is only room on the Press for the indomitable optimist—the cynic must seek an outlet elsewhere, the best being, perhaps, the pulpit.

A Delightful Story

Would that there were more novels written such as Barry Pain's *The Gifted Family* (Methuen: 6*s*.). It is a delightfully sympathetic, and, we like to think, real story of the home-life of a family of the lower middle-class—to wit, the Prendergasts. There is nothing of exaggeration, no gross caricature in the portrayal of the characters. Prendergast is a happy and contented man, devoted to his family, and always with their best interests at heart. He has three daughters and one son, all sufficiently gifted to do well in life. But the story chiefly centres round Sandra, the youngest girl. We like Sandra from the outset, but as Mr. Pain, with infinite skill, lets us very gradually into some of the secrets of her character, we conceive a very strong affection for her. There is an air of mystery and elusiveness about her that is wholly delightful, even when the book is finished; while acknowledging her lovableness, we have to admit that we do not really know her. Sandra has a post as secretary to Dr. Saraden, of Harley Street, and the two fall in love. But Saraden has a wife living—a wife who by her past acts has forfeited all moral right to that name. Also, she is now quite insane, and an inmate of an asylum. But, in the eyes of the law, she is still Mrs. Saraden, and we wonder how the love story of Sandra and Saraden will end. With great cunning, Mr. Pain leads us to suppose that a way will be found in spite of the living Mrs. Saraden; but, just at the crucial moment, Saraden receives a telegram informing him of his wife's death. Then, of course, all is plain sailing. Mr. Barry Pain has given us an essentially human story, written with characteristic charm and pathos, and one which is sure of a very wide welcome.

"Songs of the Streets"

No. 4.



PICCADILLY

Oh she's had her bumps from virtue
She has had her jolts from grace
And the darkness finds her every night
Arouging of her face
And a-blackening of her eyelids
And ashaking out her lace
Piccadilly—She's a lady just the same.

Oh all day she's good and proper
She has curates for her friends
Country cousins come to tea with her
To widows she attends
But she's sort of sick of duty
When the dusky twilight ends
Piccadilly—She's a lady just the same.

Oh the moon it ties her shoe strings
And the stars hook up her dress
And the Breeze goes brushing through her hair
Just like a soft caress
But the corners know her secret
And the lamps her wantonness
Piccadilly—She's a lady just the same.

Oh she's not much worse than others
With the chances she has had
It's the lights and roar of traffic
And the night that send her mad,
She's an Angel to the righteous
But a Devil to the bad,
Piccadilly—She's a lady just the same.

Archibald Sullivan

Next Week No. 5—The Embankment

Residential Richmond

ITS NATURAL BEAUTIES AND MANY ATTRACTIONS

Beauty, Health, and Other Assets

Richmond is the happy possessor of such a wealth of assets in the way of natural beauties, train facilities, sport, education, good government, and low rates, that she might well claim to be the premier residential district of London. That she herself is waking up to this fact is shown by the recent formation of the Richmond Town Advancement Association, under the presidency of the Mayor, which intends making her a queen of towns. This should not prove a very difficult undertaking, as her natural advantages go a long way to establish her as such, for the beauty and health-giving properties of Richmond are famous. Above the town is Richmond Park—more than 2,000 acres of delightful country, where deer roam and heron fly. On the other side are Kew Gardens, where so much that is beautiful may be enjoyed. Then there is the delightful landscape of hill and river.

A Familiar View of the River, Taken from Richmond Bridge

With such a lovely stretch of the Thames so close at hand, the inhabitants of Richmond are well content to pay a water-rate of 10*d.*!

Further Advantages

The town, the population of which is 35,000, covers an area of 2,500 acres; thus there is no overcrowding, the average being only thirteen persons to the acre. As there is very little more land within the borough boundary available for building, it is extremely unlikely that there will be any great increase in this respect. We have all got so used to grumbling at the absurdly high rates we are faced with whichever way we turn, that it is a pleasant shock to learn that here, at any rate, they are bewilderingly low. Last year, they were 6*s.* 5*d.*, with a water-rate of 10*d.* This is, we understand, for Richmond, exceptionally high, owing to special circumstances.

Low Death Rate

The death rate of Richmond is only 11·5, a great deal lower than the rate for rural England and Wales, and not to be compared, of course, with those of large towns. Richmond enjoys two climates—curious, but nevertheless perfectly true. There are those who like bracing air—it is to be found at the top of the hill; there are others who enjoy a milder climate—and this they have at the foot.

As a Centre of Sport

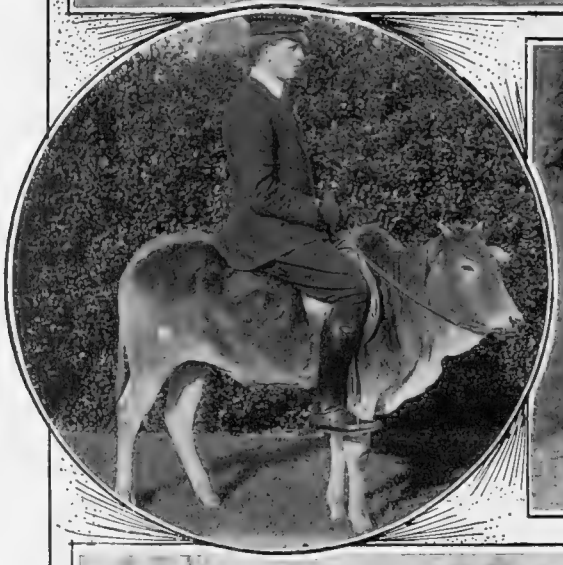
Everyone, of course, has heard of Richmond in connection with Rugby football, so many of the most important matches being played here. Golfing enthusiasts have the choice of two first-rate clubs—the Richmond and the Mid-Surrey. The world famous Royal Horse Show is held in the old Deer Park amid most picturesque surroundings. This year, general satisfaction is felt because the popular President, the Duke of Teck, is home from Vienna, and will be present at the forthcoming show.

"The Star and Garter"

Finally, we would advance a suggestion. The "Star and Garter," of such historical association, is standing empty. Why not convert it into a hydropathic. Its charming position would render it a delightful residential hotel, and one, thanks to the excellent railway service, within easy reach of London.

Startling Innovations in Animal Traction

LLAMAS FOR ROTTEN ROW, PIGS FOR THE PARK CAMELS FOR THE CORNFIELDS



(1) Dromedary versus Siberian Camel at Farm Work. (2) Zebu in Harness. (3) Pig Trained to Pull a Cart. (4) The Llamas in the Picture have been Trained to the Saddle. Each can carry a full-grown man at a great pace

At Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, on Mr. Wingfield's farm, may be seen the unusual sight of a variety of strange animals in harness. In addition to those depicted above, Mr. Wingfield keeps a flock of ostriches, some being ridden by his men without saddle or bridle

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

Unneighbourly Suburbs

It may be strange, but it is, nevertheless, true, that the suburbs are the most unfriendly spots on earth. As a contemporary remarks, referring to this, one may live twenty years beside him without knowing one's next door neighbour. But we are going to change all that; at least, Canon and Mrs. Barnett are going to change it for us. The Hampstead Garden Suburb, which is a model in so many ways, proposes to set us yet another good example and perform the prodigious feat of next door neighbourly charity. On March 27 Canon Barnett formally opened the institute which is to bring about this happy state of affairs, or, rather, he opened the first room in which social functions will take place with the object of introducing everybody to everybody. One hopes that this optimistic scheme may prove as successful as it deserves to be, though, personally (is it some of the bearish suburban spirit which has got hold of me, I wonder?), one shrinks from it. Possibly a better frame of mind reigns throughout the Hampstead Garden Suburb.

On Next Door Neighbours

But why, I ask myself calmly (but ill-naturedly), *should* I know my next door neighbour? He is just one of those burdens it seems quite unnecessary to take upon oneself. Relations are a disagreeable necessity. Friends are chosen for better or worse, and it is cowardly to run away from the bargain. But, ugh! A next door neighbour!—and a suburban next door neighbour, who is always pottering in his garden. If I am always meeting my next door neighbour at an institute and smiling at him, how can we quarrel about which of us owns the right to the overlapping branches of the apple tree; how can he write me bitter letters about the noisiness of my poultry; how can I call at the police station to complain of his fox-terrier? No, there are some things that all good-feeling people have to put up with—there are relations, and taxes, and motor-'buses, and Bank Holidays (not far from the Garden Suburb itself), and hard work, and short vacations, but I must say I resent it as an intrusion upon private liberty when we are threatened with our next door neighbours.

Miss Edith Miller

Who recently sailed for Canada, where she is making a two months' tour, appearing in Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, and other towns. Miss Miller's Aria Recital, which she gave under Royal patronage at the Æolian Hall on March 19, was a great success

A Too Critical Public

One begins to look forward to London's pictures at this time of year with an eagerness which soon becomes overshadowed by criticism. The fact is we are too critical, and make no allowances for limitations, even when these are frankly admitted by talent itself, be it that of literature or art. Take the Academy, for instance! Was it ever known that any Londoner went there and did not come back to grumble? If this exhibition is really worse each year and has been thus declining ever since our artistic infancy, one wonders why anybody ever takes the trouble to go and look at it. Art must have degenerated long since into mere daubing, which is scarcely worth the solemnity of our reiterated pessimism. Our American cousins do not look thus upon our painters and their paintings, and their point of view is one in which, on this occasion, at least, we might learn a lesson and follow them.

American Enthusiasm

Can it be that we are growing too old and aristocratic to admire anything which is not age-encrusted; or is it possible that a mere small spirit of grumbling, aided by an English (but unpleasant) terror of enthusiasm, makes us do positive injustice to the talent of our fellow-countrymen? Here, again, we might do well to follow our American visitors. At least they have enthusiasm—whole heaps of it. It is true that they sometimes say the wrong thing, or say the otherwise right thing in the wrong place, to the wrong person, or at the wrong moment. Their unguarded enthusiasm is full of blunders. They have even been guilty of the heinous offence of remarking, "What a pretty frame," when they ought to say, "What a pretty picture," and have thus caused more acute pain to the artistic soul than it would be possible to inflict by a storm of adverse British criticism. But, at least, they mean well; they are easily pleased; they see the best points and the freshness of things.

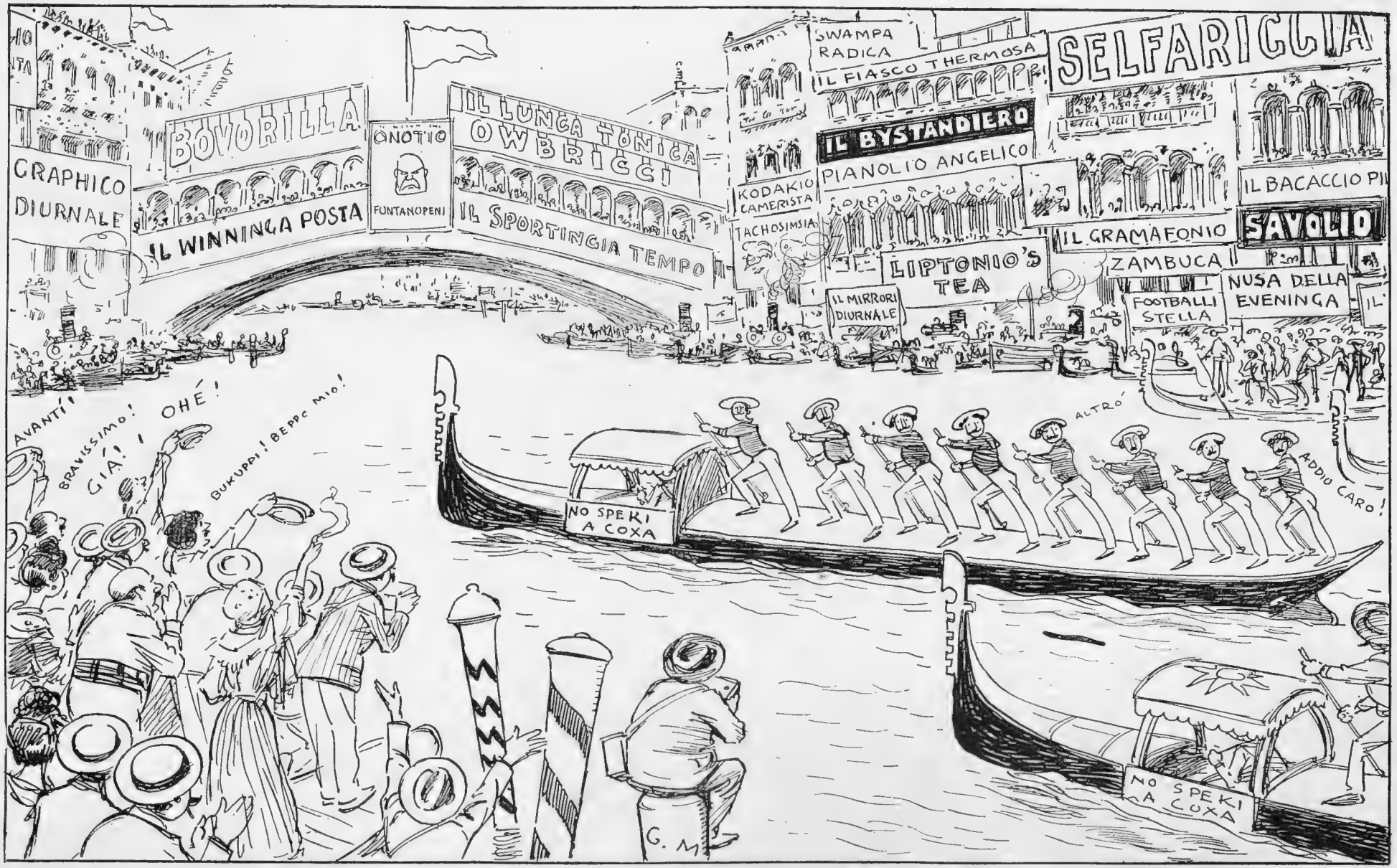
LADY PHYLLIS.

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

MR. F. C. SELOUS, THE FAMOUS HUNTER AND TRAVELLER

Who is accompanying ex-President Roosevelt upon his African expedition. Mr. Selous spent eighteen years (from 1872 to 1890) travelling all over South Central Africa. In 1890 he acted as guide to the Pioneer Expedition to Mashonaland; he then returned to England, only to go back in 1893 to take part in the first Matabele War

If the Boat Race Had Been Rowed in Venice!



NEARING THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS--OXFORDIO LEADING BY TWO-THIRDS OF A LENGTH. (A NIGHTMARE BY GEORGE MORROW)

GOLF. By Ernest Lehmann

Golf at Bournemouth

At the commencement of my winter sojourn at Bournemouth I gave some description of the manner in which the municipality manage the game, and it is, therefore, only proper that I should, at the close of my visit, give my readers some particulars of the courses on which the golfing visitor can pursue his favourite pastime. Except for a few rounds on the links of the Dorset Golf Club at Broadstone, I have confined my play to the course at Queen's Park. Practically this means that I preferred the Queen's Park course to any other in the Bournemouth district. I have twice walked round the Meyrick Park course, but what I saw did not tempt me to desert Queen's Park for it. The Meyrick Park course is, though short, a trying one for any but a young golfer, as there is any amount of climbing and descending to be done. It reminded me of the terse description of the Edinburgh Braids course given me by Andrew Kirkaldy after he had taken part in a competition on it—"It's only fit for a d——d mountain goat." I am far from saying that Meyrick Park is quite as "goatlike" as the Braids mountain ranges, but it requires young, stout, and active legs from its votaries.

A One-Armed Golf Match

A curious match was recently played on the Royal Liverpool Club links at Hoylake, between the two one-armed golfers, J. Scott and J. Haskin. Our photograph is of J. Scott, who won by 3 up and 1 to play

Broadstone Not Up to Expectation

Of Broadstone I had heard great accounts, but I am sorry to say that on acquaintance it did not, in theatrical phrase, "realise the poster." The first six and last six holes are of the proper golfing quality, but the inside six are of a rather inferior park kind. The course, too, has the drawback of being on the damp, muddy side in winter, while almost without exception every putting-green is as flat as a billiard-table. Play there is, however, pursued under greater comfort than at either of the Bournemouth courses, for Broadstone is a private course, and, therefore, much less crowded than Meyrick or Queen's Park. I am told, too, that recent alterations at Broadstone, suggested by a great, wise, and eminent personage, have not been to the advantage of the course. As to this I can only speak from hearsay, and will put in the "caveat" of *quot homines, tot sententiæ*, which holds specially good in the matter of opinions on the merits or demerits of alterations in an established course.

The Best Course

But I freely confess that I consider the Queen's Park course to be infinitely superior, *quâ* golf pure and simple, to Broadstone. With all the disadvantages of crowding, I would rather play there than anywhere else at Bournemouth. The course is still in its infancy, but improvements are constantly being made, and in a few years' time it will take very high rank indeed. At Queen's Park you have got to be able to pick up the ball. It is no case of drawing-room golf with too easy lies. You are lucky to get a flattering lie through the green. It is, therefore, a very fine school for players. The one fault I have to find with the course is that the putting-greens are nearly all of them jammed up against the rough.

A Premium on Playing Short

This means a premium on playing short, a thing which a good course should not encourage. But this might be remedied by making the ground good to a range of a few yards beyond the greens. It is a fine, long course, with one or two ravines which afford valuable lessons in the matter of judging distances. There are two excellent short holes, the sixth and fourteenth, while the golf throughout is never dull, with plenty of variety in the holes. Finally, its most excellent quality is its dryness. Under the fostering care of H. L. Curtis, the resident professional, a product of Westward Ho, that grand foster-mother of good players, the Queen's Park course will go on improving from year to year, and is well worth a visit.

LAWN TENNIS

The Suggested Professional Championship

I am continually receiving inquiries from lawn tennis players who are anxious to improve their game as to where they can obtain professional coaching. The only answer I am able to give them is, "Join some club which has professional players on its establishment." And when one comes to reckon up the number of such clubs in England one finds that they can easily be ticked off on the fingers of one hand, Queen's Club being, of course, the principal one, with three competent instructors on its staff. There is, moreover, a very strong belief that one of the reasons for the dearth of "rising talent" in this country just now is to be found in the fact that so few

professional teachers are available; and it certainly is a significant fact that on the Continent, where a large percentage of our English professionals are employed, the young players are coming much more rapidly to the front than they do here. One is not surprised, therefore, to find that the question whether something ought not to be done to foster the professional side of lawn tennis has been under discussion during the past winter in the official organ of the game, or that the suggestion that a Professional Championship of lawn tennis should be instituted and competed for every year (just like the Amateur Championship) has received a good deal of support.

Is it Advisable?

It is, of course, unfortunate that this question should have cropped up just at a time when a strong current of anti-professionalism is making its presence felt in other branches of sport, for the existence of this feeling may tend to prejudice the discussion. But even if we allow for the fact that just now our minds are directed to the evils of professionalism in sport—speaking quite generally—rather than to its benefits, I am still inclined to doubt whether the problematical benefits which would accrue to lawn tennis through the institution of a recognised professional championship and the possible increase which would result therefrom in the number and efficiency of professional coaches would outweigh the undoubted advantage which the game possesses over many others in being a pastime in which professionalism, as such, receives no official recognition.

A Danger to be Avoided

Against the small and select body of men who make a livelihood by teaching lawn tennis I have nothing whatever to say. They are well-mannered, intelligent, and straightforward sportsmen. But the institution of a recognised competition among professionals would inevitably involve the making of regulations governing such a competition. Other competitions on similar lines would spring up, and the next thing that would happen would be that the professionals would (quite reasonably) want a voice in the management of their own affairs. What this might, in turn, lead to can easily be seen by a glance at the present position of professionals, say, in golf or Association football. I see no objection to matches privately arranged between professionals or to the playing of them, if desired, in public, or even to a professional championship on the same lines as the racquets or tennis championship, where, without having any regular competition, the player who claims the title of champion holds it until he is challenged and beaten by someone else. But further than this I would not go. The fact that the Dohertys and other great players of the day cannot go on for ever, and that when they finally drop out there may be none of sufficient skill to replace them, is, undoubtedly, disquieting; but I am inclined to agree with those who contend that the "slump" is only transitory and accidental, and that in the case of a game which is so widely popular, and in which the number of players of more than average — though not quite first-class — ability is increasing day by day, fresh stars are bound to appear sooner or later. We have seen the same thing happen in other games, and I would rather counsel the exercise of a little patience than the adoption of a remedy which might prove worse than the disease.

The Unappreciated Beauties of the English Canal

The above photograph shows an Easter Monday motor-boating party enjoying the picturesque twists and turns of the Northampton Canal, which have a most river-like appearance. As a matter of fact, the English canals, generally, are too little known to motor-boaters, to whom they should specially appeal in view of their freedom from other kinds of pleasure craft

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1d. (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

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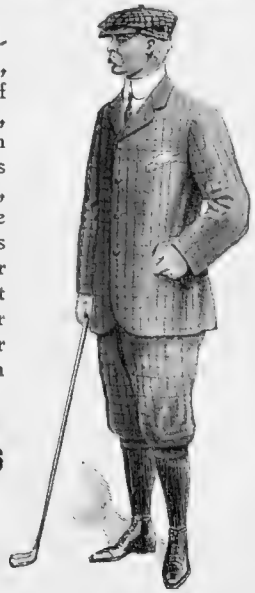

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BY APPOINTMENT

RACING. By CARBINE

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN

Will the King Win the Derby?

Nine years have passed since the King won the Derby, and his loyal subjects are eagerly waiting for another chance of cheering the most popular colours on the Turf to another victory in the great Epsom race. The King has several entries for this year's Derby, and at least one of them, if not two, has a fighting chance. The one to whom I refer is Minoru. The second "possible" is Oakmere. I was immensely taken with the way in which the former colt won his race at Newbury a week or two ago. His task was not an easy one. On the contrary, Lord Carnarvon's stable, who do not make many serious mistakes (at Newbury, however, their luck seemed to be quite out), strongly fancied Valens.

Minoru's Chance

Now, if Valens was supposed to have a decent outside chance of scoring at Epsom, what price the King's colt? The Derby wants a lot of winning. Luck has been known to influence the result, but, as a general rule, it is the best colt of the year who carries off the blue riband of the Turf. Can we believe that Minoru is now that best colt? If we turn up his form of last season we shall say decidedly "No." But some young racehorses have the faculty of improving out of all knowledge between two and three years. For the sake of his owner many will hope that this has been the case with Minoru. He is good-looking enough for a Derby winner. It remains to be seen how he will fare when he comes against the supposed champion of the three-year-olds—Bayardo. Whether Minoru wins or loses his classic engagements, it is pleasant to know that the King's racing luck has taken a distinct turn for the better.

Stock Exchange Point-to-Point at Edenbridge

Mr. E. A. Wightwick's Golden Eagle III., owner up, clears the water beautifully in the Heavy Weight Race

City and Suburban Prospects

An interesting problem now before racegoers is to find the winner of the City and Suburban, to be run at Epsom on the 21st inst. So far—I am writing this on April 6—the disposition has been to make Dean Swift a pronounced favourite. And who can wonder? For the old horse, now a tremendous favourite with the public, has always displayed amazing form in this particular race. He would seem to be pounds better at Epsom than over any other course, and though he has the crushing weight of 9st. 2lb. this time, the public will not be stalled off backing him. Indeed, I verily believe that if "the Dean" had another stone on his back the punters' money would still go on him. We know the pitcher can be taken once too often to the well, and this may, perhaps, apply to Mr. Joel's horse and the City this year. He is now eight years old, and it would be strange if at this age he could accomplish a greater thing on the Turf than he has ever done before. Not only has he more weight to carry this time, but a new set of opponents against him. These include that distinguished horse, Llangwm, who last year beat him at Ascot, and could surely do so again if he were sent to the post.

Selections

Among the older division Simonson is surely to be feared, as he has got in with a small weight, and has almost as much partiality for the Epsom course as Dean Swift himself. It is rather difficult, at this distance of time, to know which horses will be started for the City, but I shall look to **Llangwm** or **Simonson** to prove the winner, and Dean Swift will probably run into a place. On the first day of the Epsom meeting the Great Metropolitan Stakes is to be run. I always think this is one of the most picturesque events of the season, and it requires a stayer of the first quality to win it. It is noticeable that Father Blind, who has secured the race for two seasons in succession, is again a candidate. What is more, he showed us at Newbury that his stamina is as good as ever. Therefore the inference is that he will want a lot of beating. Glacis, Turbine, and Hammerkop are all stayers of approved class, who may be counted to be suited by this distance, but I think the pick of the handicap is **Maya**, who has to carry only 7st. 4lb., and may prove to be a good thing.

The *Sunday Times*, April 4, 1909, says: "To recommend a Turf Accountant is, we are well aware, to assume some responsibility towards our readers, but as Mr. Gant is a member of Tattersall's, and, as the *Sportsman* states, has become 'an institution,' there can be no reason to question the reputation and standing of his firm. Innumerable Testimonials from experts go to prove that he conducts his business on honourable and straightforward lines. His system of 'Fairness, method and privacy' is world-renowned. Mr. Gant's motto is 'No Limit,' and with a guaranteed deposit of £50,000 at his Bankers he is in a position to make this boast good. All necessary information and the terms which govern transactions are embodied in the popular and handy 'Sportsman's Diary,' which is sent free to all prospective and existing clients upon written application to 25, Conduit Street, London, W."

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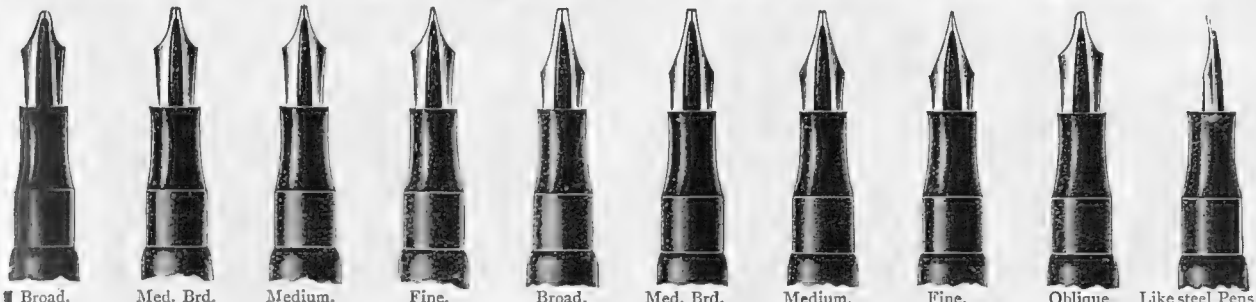

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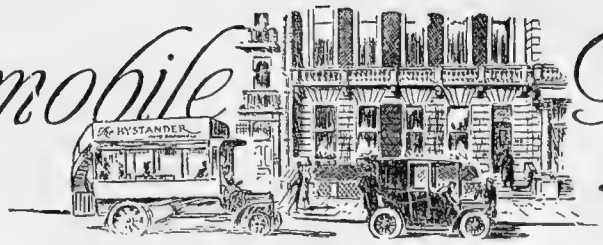
Automobile Topics.

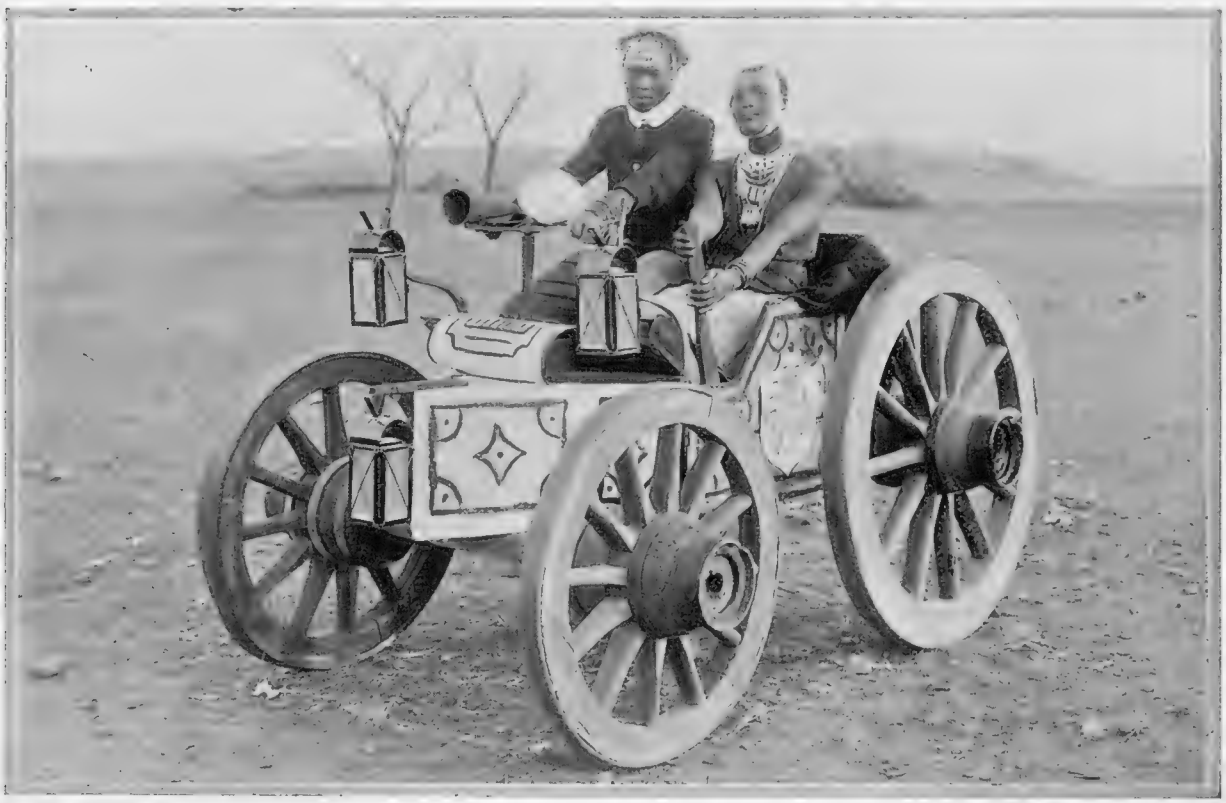


Comfort on the Car

It is curious how certain days and their experiences stand out with distinctness when one comes to review one's motoring career. I shall never forget my first drive in the thousand miles' trial organised by the A.C.G.B. and I., now the Royal Automobile Club; and with equal clearness I can recall the sense of pleasurable excitement generated by a sprint at just over the rate of 100 miles per hour on a racing-car at Portmarnock; the strenuous day and night I put in when running to Monte Carlo for the record; and the memorable journey of 2,016 miles I made with the late Mr. Cecil Edge, when we spent five days and nights continuously on a car in April, 1904. Such events are treasures which one may reckon among the pleasures of memory, and they stand as an asset on which the effluxion of time can effect no discount. Other experiences, by reason of some special circumstances or combination of harmonious surroundings, are also to be classed among one's mental possessions as joys for ever. A day to be marked with a white stone was Sunday, April 4, 1909, when, by the courtesy of Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 10, Old Bond Street and Long Acre, I travelled from London to Brighton on one of the 20 h.-p. Adler cars.

A Delightful Day

The day was brilliantly fine, the road in excellent condition, the company genial, and the behaviour of the car a source of sheer delight. Not only did we make the run by way of Redhill, Handcross, and Bolney on top gear without change, but the appointments and fittings left nothing to be desired by the most exacting of ease-loving automobilists. It is impossible to speak or write in terms of too warm commendation of these Adler cars. For the motorist of moderate means, to whom economy in running expenditure is a consideration, I know of no car which, with equal power and flexibility, can rival the Adler in mileage to the gallon of petrol consumed. Our little "twenty," although capable when wanted of a very pretty turn of speed well up to the mile-a-minute desideratum, could be throttled down in traffic to as low as four miles an hour; while on hills, as I have indicated, the pull of the engine was a treat to driver and occupants alike. From Brighton in the afternoon we ran along that splendid coast round by Rottingdean and Newhaven to Seaford, and returning in the cool of the evening to town, noted with satisfaction that the day's itinerary of some hundred and fifty miles had been accomplished without drawback of any description.



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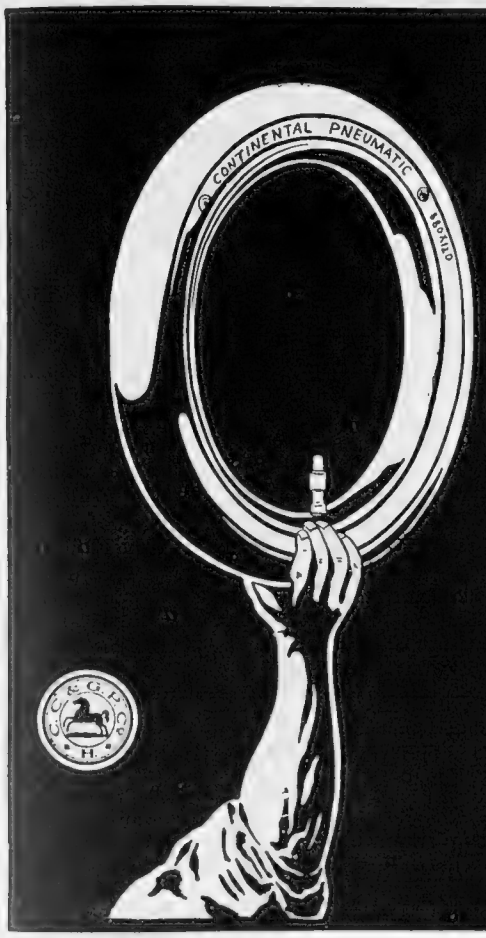
One of the gay dogs of the Zulu Motor Club off for a rattle with the belle of the kraal. The absence of rings on the belle's fingers is noticeable. (Her toes are under the rug)



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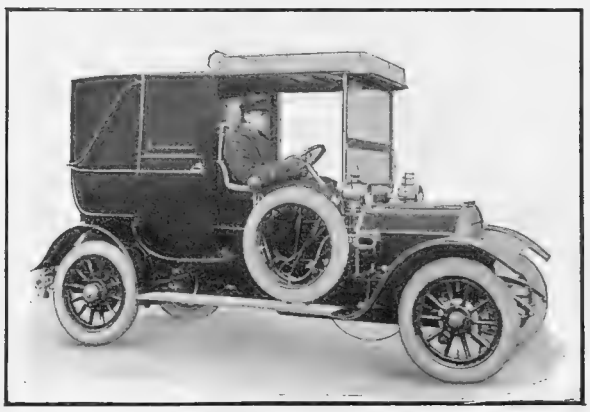
Aerial League Activity

As was pointed out by the Lord Mayor of London, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Admiral Sir Percy Scott, and other speakers at the meeting of the Aerial League of the British Empire, there is a vital necessity that we in this country should shake off our slumbrous lethargy without delay, and turn our attention to the conquest of the air, unless, as Lord Montagu put it, our insular immunity is to be lost to us for ever. For months past THE BYSTANDER has preached from the same text, and it has been insisted upon in these columns that the enterprise and activity of neighbouring



For the Use of Directors

This handy little landaulette of 18-23 h.-p. is a B.S.A. car, and is used by the Directors of that Company to convey them in comfort between Birmingham and London in all weathers

Powers in the domain of aviation constitute a real menace to our well-being so long as we remain practically inactive. With the aims and objects of the Aerial League we are, therefore, in complete accord, and it should be noted that those aims are purely Imperial and patriotic. The very lengthy list of vice-presidents, which includes such names as those of the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Kinnoull, Viscount Gormanston, Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, the Marquis of Bute, the Earl of Crawford, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and a host of gentlemen prominent in naval, military, scientific, and political circles is a guarantee that the work of the League will be on lines of friendly co-operation with existing aerial organisations, and that its policy will be at once progressive and educational. The motto of the League is "To secure and maintain for the Empire the same supremacy in the air as it now enjoys on the sea," and in furtherance of this aim a strong executive has been formed. Colonel H. S. Massy, C.B., F.R.G.S., and Mr. Stephen A. Marples, M.I.A.E., are joint honorary secretaries, and the present offices of the League are at Staple Inn Buildings, High Holborn, London, W.C. When it is stated that subscriptions range from £25 for life membership as hon. vice-presidents down to half a crown for junior members, it will be seen that the Aerial League of the British Empire means business in the most thorough and comprehensive manner.

Miscellanea

At the Milnes-Daimler Depot, 221, Tottenham Court Road, the new live-axle 15-20 h.-p. Mercédès which has been so eagerly expected may be seen by all interested in these remarkable cars.

Dr. E. Temple Smith, of Charters Towers, Queensland, recently made an extended trip of 1,865 miles in eighteen days on a little Darracq of 8-10 h.-p. without mishap of any kind.

The Gladiator Company, of 132 and 134, Long Acre, W.C., have just issued a comprehensive catalogue of their 1909 types of car, special attention being given to the British-built Gladiator models.

A working model of the new Daimler engine in cardboard may be had from any of the Daimler depôts in return for P.O. for 1*s.* 6*d.*

We illustrate on this page one of the 18-23 h.-p. B.S.A. Landaulettes used by the Directors of that Company in visiting their various works and branches. Simplicity of design, careful construction, and selection of only the very best material tend to make the B.S.A. cars extremely popular throughout the country and the Colonies.

Interim dividends of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference and 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares of the French Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co. will be paid on May 15 next.

Australia continues to advance. The Automobile Club held a hill-climbing contest in National Park, near Sydney, recently, when in a handicap the 15 h.-p. Talbot came in first with a 25 h.-p. Talbot second, while one of the 35 h.-p. Talbots achieved fastest time of the day.

Messrs. Simms Manufacturing Co. write that the motor-car used by Lieut. Shackleton during his famous Antarctic explorations was an Arrol-Johnston car fitted with one of the Simms four-cylinder air-cooled engines specially built for the purpose. Obviously, a water-cooled engine would have been at a disadvantage so near the South Pole.

Count Zeppelin's recent trials have proved a veritable triumph for the Continental Balloon Material, of which his airship is constructed, as, in spite of the tremendous strain to which the leviathan was exposed, no damage whatever was sustained.

As evidence of the great interest excited abroad by the recent transport of H.M. Guards by the Automobile Association comes the news that a widely read European journal published a full plan of the route, giving the distances in kilometres, and the points at which the cars passed through the various towns and villages on the way.

Mr. H. J. Bath, who has been taking careful records of the running of his tyres, writes to say that four 880 x 120 Dunlop grooved-tread covers ran 5,000 miles when he had the back tyres re-treaded and changed to the front wheels, the covers of which, as they showed no signs of wear, were changed to the rear wheels. Another 5,000 miles were then successfully negotiated, the cost on a car weighing 26cwt. working out at just under a penny a mile.

More automobilisation. The Yorkshire A.C. has undertaken to convey the 7th Battalion West Yorks Territorials, with first and second line transport, from Leeds to Scarborough on Saturday, April 24. As about 1,000 officers and men are to be carried, some 300 cars will be required, and any motoring reader of THE BYSTANDER who is disposed to help with the loan of a car or cars might communicate with Mr. Charles P. Wilson, of Basinghall Buildings, Leeds, who will be grateful for any assistance.

The annual general meeting of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders takes place at four o'clock p.m. on Thursday, April 15.

The date of the French voiturette race over the Boulogne circuit has been fixed for Sunday, June 20.

THE JERMYN STREET MOTOR REPAIR WORKS can give a trial any time on the 14-16 MOTOBLOC. The fastest and most flexible small four-cylinder. Marvellous hill climber. Special Agents.—Wells St., Jermyn St., S.W. 4757 and 5548 Mayfair.

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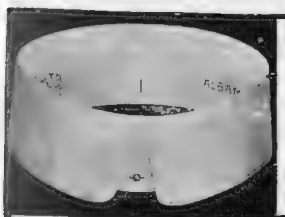

FOR THE OUTDOOR MAN. . .

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DRESS SHIRTS, our Celebrated "Matchless" Quality, **5/11** each.
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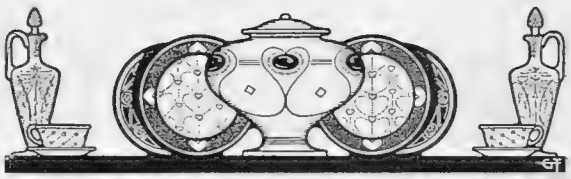

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. . A visit to our Showrooms (Three Spacious Floors with Hydraulic Lift) is cordially invited. If unable to call write for our Illustrated Catalogue—containing faithful reproductions in colours of a wide selection of our goods.

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ONLY ADDRESS 39 LUDGATE HILL LONDON E.C. ESTABLISHED 1760

The Gardener's Enemies

At the coming of spring the enemies of the gardener start into activity. Perhaps the most troublesome are aphides. They are divided into many different species, and each is supposed to confine itself to some particular kind of plant. This, however, is not true in all cases, if it is in any. The hop aphis, for example, spends part of its life on the hop and part on the damson or sloe. Until recently the rose aphis, one of the greatest nuisances in the garden, was regarded as a sedentary species, in spite of the fact that it disappears at the end of July and does not appear again until the beginning of September; but it is now known to pass this time on certain grasses. Even the woolly aphis, which forms white flocculent masses on the wounded branches of apple trees, seems to find a change desirable, for it migrates from the branches to the roots and back again. These instances will show the importance of some knowledge of the life histories of the insects against which we have to contend. In the greenhouse vaporisation is the simplest and surest method of destroying aphides, but in the open air it is necessary to resort to spraying. There are many excellent insecticides on the market, but a solution of soft soap with a dash of paraffin in it is as good as any. Like most of the other insecticides, it kills by blocking the pores through which the insects breathe. As it also blocks the pores of the leaves it should be washed off with clean water about twenty-four hours later, unless rain falls in the interval. Both vaporisation and spraying must be repeated if they are to be effectual. For the eggs of insects hatch at different times, and among the insects themselves a few are almost sure to escape, soon becoming as numerous as ever, they multiply so rapidly. Particular attention should be given to lilies, as these plants, especially in pots, are generally among the first attacked by aphides.

Propagating Shrubs

The easiest way of propagating shrubs is by layering. Jasmines, for example, may be readily increased by this means. It is only necessary to scrape away the bark at a joint, peg down the shoot firmly, cover the joint with soil, and keep it moist during the summer. The layer will be well-rooted by autumn—in the case of hard-wooded plants the time will often be longer—when it may be taken off and planted. When the shrub is so stiff that the branches cannot be brought down to the ground, the ground must be brought up to them. This can be managed by arranging a bag or box of soil, or even a mass of damp moss, around the wounded joint of each branch to be rooted. Of course, the principle is exactly the same. Even if more clematises are not wanted it is often advisable to layer them, for they have a habit of dying more or less suddenly—a fact generally attributed to some defect in the graft. When, however, some of the shoots are layered and thus enabled to grow on their own roots, the death of the parent plant is of less consequence.

H. C. Davidson.

A Lovely Fan of Lilies and Rhododendrons

These flowers commingle admirably, and the bed depicted above is a delight to any lover of nature's richest colourings

MILES' BACON

is a well-known food all over the British Isles. It is supplied to more than 800 titled families regularly. It will keep perfectly sweet for two months or longer, and a side of 44lbs. is sent rail paid, **Smoked** at 7½d. per lb., **Unsmoked** at 7d. per lb We are the largest and cheapest sellers of BACON in England to-day and can please you.

Customers are invited to call and inspect our up-to-date factory.

EDWARD MILES,
Broadmead Bacon Factory, BRISTOL.

IMPROVED PANNUS CORIUM

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The acme of coolness and comfort—
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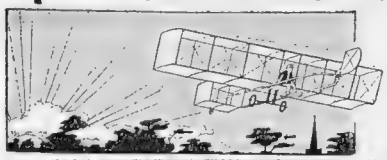

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These aeroplanes are perfectly balanced, gliding beautifully, and will fly for a great distance horizontally when self-contained motor is set going, finally coming to the ground lightly on miniature bicycle wheels provided for this purpose. All the laws apertaining to aviation can be studied during flight.

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Tevia Tweed

It looks well and feels agreeable,

but do you really *know* anything of the quality of the patterns you finger at your tailors. No, unless it is Tevia Tweed, when the trade mark stamped on the back of every length gives you the absolute guarantee of the Scottish manufacturer that you are buying an all-wool cloth of the finest grade. All good tailors are Tevia tailors now, and will show you patterns or lengths of new spring patterns in

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HAVE YOU A GARDEN?

IF SO, our unfailing Garden Helps, "Climax" Lawn Sand, "Climax" Weed-Killer, "Alphol," Insecticides, Manures, and other specialities, will be invaluable to you and materially assist you in getting the best results.

EVERY GARDENING ENQUIRY WELCOMED.

A Postcard sent to-day, MENTIONING THIS PAPER, will bring you a copy of "Reliable Garden Helps," and a sample of either "Climax" Lawn Sand or "Alphol."

THE "H" CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.,
27, Cranmer Street, Liverpool.

FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

I am so impressed by the already rapidly increasing fame of *foulard*, I feel not a moment must be lost in pressing home the fact. Quite the simplest models are being selected for its expression, the skirts either gathered into the waist or else set in pleated form at the hip-line of a Princesse upper part. As will doubtless be quickly surmised, these *jupes* are kept a walking length, and there is the fullest assurance that the little *foulard* walking frock will carry a very appreciable share of summer approval along with it. Beyond an improvement in quality, and a wider range of colours, there is little to differentiate the *foulards* of to-day from those of yesterday, and yet no single soul among us will find anything to say on the score of monotony, such a hold has *foulard* upon the affections of those who realise the influence of refined elegance.

A Chapeau from the Gay City
A French model of black crinoline

Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 6, Brook Street, W.

Selvytine, that exhaustively tested fabric for rain and rough wear generally, and exclusive to the house of Thomas, has taken on a fresh lease of life for the coming season in one of the most perfectly thought-out and constructed slip-over coats we have ever been privileged to consider.

The actual model sketched for these pages was in a pleasant, useful shade of mole, and the picture relates far more eloquently than any words the features of the cut and general appearance. The depth of the arm-holes is excessive, while the sleeves are drawn into wide, shapely cuffs, the back falling in voluminous folds, and presenting that smart sporting aspect nowadays so covetable, as imparting a particular *cachet* to the wearer. This Selvytine slip-over of Messrs. Thomas and Sons has unquestionably a big career before it, standing, as it does, essentially apart from any other of its kind.

Selvytine, again, plays a conspicuous rôle in the creation of the country suit depicted allied to homespun. The latter is responsible for the skirt, Thomas's own special cape skirt, ideal for country use, and as effective in appearance as it is practical and comfortable in wear.

The coat, again, entitled "The Brook," inclines one to extravagant applause, it is so eminently original and ingenious. The style is more or less of the straight, or sacque, order, but drawn into a becoming shapeliness by a buttoned strap beneath either arm. Or an alternative is provided by dispensing with one of the straps altogether and using the other across the back, which has practically the same result, but is not, at the same time, quite so pleasing or out of the common as is obtained by the silhouetting of the sides.

Splendid ingenuity also marks the modelling in one of the pocket flaps, primarily with the yoke fronts, and again with the fronts themselves, these buttoned flaps concluding capacious patch-pockets, obviously intended to do yeoman service, while the collar is a dexterous arrangement that adapts itself to a close fit round the throat for cold or stormy weather, or can be turned down, when the corners button on to the lapel of the coat.

Among incidental matters Mr. Thomas is making something of a feature of tailor-made millinery, the example surmounting the costume being effected in natural pedal straw, trimmed green silk, and a natural wing mount. Both this and the one accompanying the slip-over coat is of glorified sailor shape, slightly wider from side to side than through, the latter telling a pleasant story in mole straw and *chêne* ribbon, arranged in a *chou* at one side, trimmed round with a tight quilling of Nattier blue velvet. And Mr. Thomas is able to arrange this particular class of millinery at most moderate rates, the *chêne* trimmed example costing only 19*s.* 6*d.*

Alliance of Black and Green

There need be no hesitation over the acceptance of this decree. In fact, the sooner it is taken up the better, although, thanks to the prevailing almost unlimited range of greens, monotony need not necessarily be touched for some time to come. A black cloth suit, probably a last year's possession, may speedily be brought up to date by touches of lizard-green, worked into greater prominence through the medium of an all-green *chapeau* and *en tout cas*.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 280.—Vol. XXII. Wednesday, April 14, 1909 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: 37 GERRARD.

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GLORIOUS POSITION. 400FT. ABOVE SEA.
Company's Water and Gas. Modern Drainage. Capital Repair.

KESTON COMMON (beautiful scenery).—For SALE, an exceedingly choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising an old-fashioned comfortable Residence, in delightful pleasure grounds and parkland of about 12 acres, including wide-spreading lawns, rose and Dutch gardens, ornamental lake, productive fruit and vegetable gardens, paddocks.

SPACIOUS HALL, BILLIARD ROOM,

4 good reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing-rooms, 3 baths, 2 staircases, ample offices, including servants' hall. Capital stabling, farmery, coachman's cottage.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CLOSE TO RIVER AND GOLF COURSE.

BY ORDER OF MORTGAGEE.

UNDER HALF AN HOUR OF TOWN (most select part; high position).—For SALE, a comfortably arranged Freehold RESIDENCE, with double carriage approach. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath, compact offices. Bicycle house. Very pretty pleasure grounds, shaded by

MAGNIFICENT OLD ELMS AND POPLARS.

Terrace walk, tennis lawn, flower beds and borders, etc. A few minutes' walk of station with splendid service to Town.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

ONLY 200 GNS. PER ANN., FURNISHED.
Gravel soil. Exceptionally pretty garden.

NORTH OF LONDON (about an hour's journey, on a main line, in a picturesque old village).—Well Furnished for a year, or possibly longer, this quaint old HOUSE, thoroughly modernised, fitted with all conveniences. Large dining and drawing rooms, conservatory, morning room, and study, all heated, servants' hall, etc.; 12 or 13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, maids' workrooms. Company's water; hot and cold supplies throughout. Stabling for 6.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GARDENS,

ornamental moat and stream with rustic bridges, 2 full-sized tennis lawns and meadow-land, in all about 10 acres. HUNTING, GOLF, AND POSSIBLY SHOOTING available. Servants, carriages, and horses might also be left by arrangement.—Inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

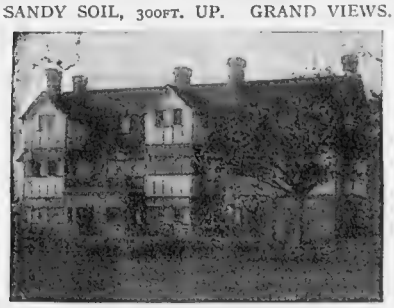
DRY SOIL. BRACING AIR. LOVELY VIEWS.
Favourite Residential District. Hunting, golf, yachting, fishing.

HAMPSHIRE.—RESIDENCE and 41 ACRES for SALE, on advantageous terms. *High and bracing situation in one of the most picturesque parts of the county, enjoying extensive and uninterrupted views*: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bath, and servants' hall. Stabling for 3 and ample outhouses. Nearly

6 ACRES OF PLEASURE GROUNDS

and lawns, embellished with shrubs, ornamental trees, shrubberies, and flower borders. 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, shady walks and avenues, conservatory and forcing houses, kitchen garden of about an acre. Orchard, fir plantation, and fertile parklands, farmery and cottage, in all about 41 acres, affording several choice sites for building. Will be SOLD by AUCTION on May 11, as a whole or in lots.—Details of Mr. FRANK STUBBS, Estate Agent, Bishop's Waltham and Alresford; or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

SANDY SOIL, 300FT. UP. GRAND VIEWS.



IN FAVOURITE AND BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT
Of Horsham and St. Leonard's Forest.

ONE HOUR EXPRESS RAIL OF CITY and West End.—OWNER will sacrifice to immediate purchaser a charming PROPERTY of nearly 30 acres, with exceptionally well-fitted House, built for his occupation. Grand position, with magnificent views on all sides. Lounge hall, open air room, excellent suite of reception rooms, facing S.E., billiard room, 11 bedrooms, 3 fitted baths, capital offices. Langfield's moistened hot-air system. Electric light. Stabling. 2 cottages. Laundry and drying rooms. Set farmbuildings. Electric light house. Motor pump. Admirably displayed grounds with lawns, terrace, pergola, large kitchen garden, greenhouse, pasture-land. Church, village, and telegraph ½ mile.

GOLF 3 MILES. HUNTING.

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OVERLOOKING A WOODLAND COMMON.
On the Northern Heights, facing South.

SAND AND GRAVEL SOIL. GOLF.

30 MINUTES NORTH OF TOWN.—For SALE, interesting old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with carriage drive with lodge to main entrance. Fine lounge hall with oak parquet floor, suite of reception rooms, comprising elegant drawing room with carved oak Jacobean chimneypiece, dining room with parquet floor and carved oak mantelpiece, morning room and library. Complete offices. Well staircase to first floor with 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (2 more bedrooms could inexpensively be added). Stabling in character for 3 or 4. Coachhouse, etc.

GROUNDS OF NEARLY 4 ACRES,

adorned by old forest, cedar, and other trees, and including shady walks, ornamental water, rosery, tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen and fruit gardens, orchard, greenhouses, etc. Gas and Company's water. Near church and post office.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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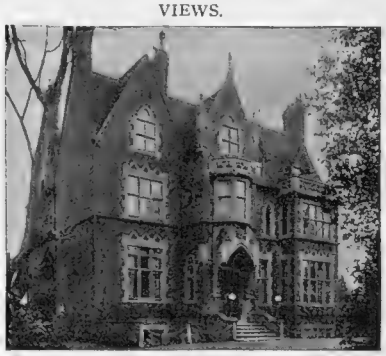

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CANTERBURY (in most select quarter).—For SALE, important and commodious Freehold RESIDENCE of red brick and stone in the Gothic style, well back from the road,

APPROACHED BY CARRIAGE DRIVE.

13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 staircases, spacious halls and corridors, 3 lofty reception rooms, ample offices, servant's hall and housekeeper's room, passenger lift. Charming pleasure grounds, terrace walk, large tennis and croquet lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses; in all about 13¾ acres. Also, situate a short distance away,

FINE MODERN STABLING

with living rooms over, with fruit and vegetable garden attached, affording a capital building site. Will be SOLD in One or Two Lots.—Details of Messrs. COOPER and WACHER, Canterbury, or of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

N.B.—The fine Furniture will be SOLD by AUCTION on May 4.

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"MANOR FARM," Wavendon, Bucks (1¼ miles from Woburn Sands Station, and a short drive from Bletchley Junction, with its fast train service to Town in 1 hour).

The House is well situated, with extensive views, and contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 7 or 11 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; first-rate stabling and outbuildings, well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, and meadows, in all 15 acres.

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY

(in conjunction with Messrs. STONEBRIDGE and FOLL, Bletchley, Bucks) will OFFER the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on June 2 next (unless previously disposed of).—Illustrated particulars in course of preparation.

GREAT WALSTEAD, Lindfield, Sussex (conveniently situated between London and Brighton; 2¾ miles from Haywards Heath Station, with its fast train service to the City and West End within an hour; about 15 miles from Brighton).—

A COMPACT RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 118 ACRES, AMIDST ABSOLUTELY RURAL SURROUNDINGS, QUITE REMOVED FROM MAIN ROADS.

The House stands high, with fine views, and contains: square hall, drawing room (37ft. by 26ft.), dining room (29ft. by 19ft.), library, billiard room (25ft. by 18ft.), 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; extensive stabling, coach-house, motor-house, and cottage.

CAPITAL MODEL FARMERY.

Beautiful pleasure grounds, with wide-spreading lawns and plantations, kitchen garden, orchards and vineries, etc.

ORNAMENTAL WATER AND STREAM,

affording fair fishing, in parklike grounds, in all about 118 acres.

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY

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"HAUTEVILLE," Harrietsham, Kent.—A well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a magnificent position, 625ft. above the sea, with superb views over the Weald of Kent. Accommodation: beautiful lounge hall, billiard, Adams' drawing room, dining room, library and morning rooms, 14 bedrooms, Roman bathroom, 2 other bathrooms, etc.; electric light; good stabling and cottage; pleasure grounds and parklike lands, in all about 45 acres.

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will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., during the ensuing season (unless previously disposed of).—Illustrated particulars in course of preparation.

HARROGATE DISTRICT. 80 ACRES. HANDSOME TUDOR RESIDENCE. 24 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS. STABLING FOR 8. TROUT FISHING AND GOLF.

TO BE SOLD, a beautiful stone-built TUDOR RESIDENCE, standing high in a healthy situation, in parklands of 80 acres, on the borders of a town. Accommodation: outer and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, 24 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices; stabling for 8 horses, motor-house, 2 cottages, and farmery; Company's water laid on; modern sanitation; trout fishing ½ mile distant; golf links near; good shooting obtainable; station 1¼ miles.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,235)

SURREY HILLS. 400FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SECLUDED SITUATION WITH LONG CARRIAGE DRIVE.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Furnished, the above RESIDENCE in thoroughly matured grounds of 4½ ACRES: entrance hall, dining room (22ft. by 13ft. 6in.), drawing room (21ft. by 15ft. 6in.), FINE BILLIARD ROOM (29ft. by 21ft. 6in.), WINTER GARDEN (40ft. by 30ft.), 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms; stabling, coach-house, motor-house, etc.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, London, W. (4,174)

25 MILES FROM LONDON. 40 MINUTES BY RAIL.

RENOVATED HENRY VIII. MANOR HOUSE. GENTLEMAN'S FARM OF 120 ACRES.

£5,000 WILL PURCHASE this attractive little ESTATE. The House dates back 400 years, and has OAK FLOORS AND BEAMED CEILINGS. 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 boxrooms; model farm-buildings in faultless order; 60 acres old pasture, 55 acres arable; soil, loam on gravel.—Inspected and highly recommended by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,133)

12 MILES FROM THE COAST. 26 ACRES. 10 BEDROOMS. DRY SANDY SOIL.

£3,500 WILL PURCHASE this attractive little PROPERTY. It stands in finely timbered grounds with carriage drive, about 250ft. above sea level: 3 good reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, etc.; stabling and outbuildings.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,082)

SMALLFIELD PLACE, BURSTOW, SURREY.

HISTORIC RESIDENCE (believed to be the most perfect specimen of domestic Tudor architecture in the county).—The House was erected mainly during the reign of James I., 1603-1625, but parts are considerably older, the great fireplace and staircase dating back to about 1400 and are of exceptionally fine workmanship.

The accommodation comprises: entrance hall, panelled sitting hall with richly carved screen, panelled dining room, billiard room, 13 or 14 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 bathrooms; stabling for 6, large coach-house, men's rooms, 2 cottages, etc.; old-world pleasure grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, ornamental water, and meadowland, in all 16 acres.

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY

Will OFFER the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Wednesday, June 2 (unless previously disposed of).—Illustrated particulars (when ready) may be obtained from Messrs. FAIRFOOT, ROOKE and MACDONALD, Solicitors, 6, Clement's Inn, W.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

"THE OLD RECTORY," Caversham (Oxon).—An historical RESIDENCE, standing well above the river, with grounds sloping thereto.

Accommodation: billiard and 3 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; 4 cottages; detached stabling; small farmery; beautiful old-world pleasure grounds of about 5½ acres.

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY

(in conjunction with Messrs. SIMMONS and SONS, of Henley, Reading, and Basingstoke) will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on June 2 next (unless previously disposed of).—Illustrated particulars in course of preparation.

ON A FAVOURITE REACH OF THE THAMES.

OXON (pleasantly situated, with grounds to the River).—To be SOLD, or LET Furnished for the Summer, the above attractive RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 7 acres. Accommodation: billiard, 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; motor-house with pit; electric light; Company's water. The grounds include tennis, croquet, and other lawns, kitchen garden, and meadow-land.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

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MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

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Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

TO POLO PLAYERS REQUIRING HOUSE near Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton grounds.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED for the Spring and Summer months, the above exceptionally attractive FAMILY HOUSE known as

"STONE HOUSE," WEST HILL

(easy reach of Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common), with beautifully timbered and secluded grounds of 3½ ACRES; first-class stabling for 8 horses, garage; house replete with all modern comforts, including electric light; 14 bed and dressing rooms, suite of large handsome reception rooms; 7 minutes' walk from station.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,981)

AN IDEAL WEEK-END RETREAT.

BURNHAM BEECHES.—In this distinctly favoured district, charmingly situated, 300ft. above sea level, an old-fashioned

5 Acres, or more.

FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE,

FARMHOUSE AND FARM-BUILDINGS.

surrounded by trees, with due South aspect, with accommodation for a moderate family; cottage, stabling, farm-buildings,

COTTAGE.

PADDOCK AND ORCHARD,

£2,650.

the latter in full-bearing and of GREAT VALUE; good golf and hunting; excellent water; more land can be had if desired.—Personally inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,424)

50 Minutes of Paddington.

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"Oh, Christina!" By J. J. Bell. (Hodder and Stoughton: 1*s.* net.)
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To avoid Influenza!

"There is no factor more favourable to the successful invasion of the human body by the disease-producing organism than when air is rendered stale, warm and musty by human exhalations."—*Lancet*, December 29th, 1906.

That is just where

"SANITAS FLUID"

comes in: the air can readily be made fresh, cool and vitalised by spraying with "SANITAS FLUID," giving it new oxygen and killing the disease germs.

As the *Lancet* says: "Such a condition of environment has an extraordinary effect in lowering the general tone of the body and its power to resist disease." . . . The *Lancet* continues: "It is time that the real mischief caused by stuffy places and by devitalised air was more seriously taken to heart than it is."

It IS high time, and also high time to recognise that

"SANITAS FLUID"

will remedy that mischief most successfully.

Impure Air, Bronchial Catarrh, and Consumption.

In a lecture delivered some time since by Mr. SOMERVILLE HASTINGS at the Institute of Hygiene, it was pointed out "That the scourge which cost the world two million lives per annum might to a very large extent be attributed to the habitual breathing of impure air. This created a susceptibility to colds, and induced bronchial catarrh, which provided the most suitable habitat for the wandering tubercle bacillus to settle down in and multiply. Impure air, moreover, actually fostered the organism in consumption, and held it in readiness for the commission of its lethal onslaught at the propitious moment."—*Morning Post*, March 1st, 1906.

Impure air is instantly purified by spraying it with "SANITAS FLUID," which rapidly destroys all disease germs, including the "Tubercle bacillus."

—Send to us for Report by JOHN C. THRESH, D.Sc. (Lond.), M.D. (Vic.), D.P.H. (Camb.), free on application.

Mouth Washes.

In an article by Dr. WYATT WINGRAVE (see *Lancet*, October 20th, 1906) on "Oral Sepsis," it is pointed out that the list of available mouth washes is a very large one, and he goes on to add that "SANITAS FLUID" and different preparations of peroxide of hydrogen are not only good disinfectants and deodorants, but they are especially valuable in being non-poisonous.

"SANITAS FLUID" mixed with warm water, 1 to 4, should always be used to wash the teeth and mouth after meals, as also first thing in the morning and before retiring at night. This treatment destroys all harmful bacteria and preserves the teeth and mouth in a perfectly wholesome condition.

According to the very highest Medical, Chemical and Bacteriological authorities, "SANITAS FLUID" is not only destructive of all disease germs, but constitutes the most fully-qualified air-purifier, wash for wounds and general sanitary reagent ever placed by scientific research at the disposal of the public.

"SANITAS FLUID," 1/- Pint Bottles and 5/- Gallon.
"SANITAS SPRAYS," 2/6 each, fitting the 1/- Bottles of Fluid.
"SANITAS INHALERS," 1/- and 2/6 respectively.
"SANITAS BRONCHITIS KETTLES," 2/6 each.
"SANITAS PASTILLES" in 1/- Tins.

THE "SANITAS" Co., Ltd., LOCKSLEY STREET, LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.

A black cashmere *de soie* evening gown was perfectly charming, completed by a corsage of gold net, ornamented with a broad band, forming a square *mouvement* of Byzantine embroidery, in which the predominant note of colour was green, accentuated in a folded waistband of green silk, passed at the back through a large barbaric gold buckle.

With the exception of these relieving touches, however, there seems little or no disposition to accord the *vert* note any particularly high place in the modistic scheme of things, where a big lead, not likely to be overtaken, has been secured by the *bois de rose* shades, followed by *pain Bis*, *pain brulé*, and mustard tints, the rest, such as amethyst, prunelle, etc., coming along in or about equal proportions.

Two Smart Coats

Our illustrations are of "The Brook" coat, in which Selvytine p'ays an important rôle, worn with Thomas's special cape skirt, and of the perfectly constructed Selv,tine slip-over coat.

(Sketched at Messrs. Thomas and Son's by Dorothy Millar)

The Fate of the Victorian Bonnet

Akin with the *panier* proper a considerable degree of doubt pervades the possibility of the poke bonnet. Respecting the *panier*, I personally hold very little doubt whatever as to that arriving and quickly, but about the bonnet "I hae me doots." Nevertheless, it is making a brave show of determination, practically every millinery *galère* including one or more models. Meanwhile, there is large discontent raging among the unfortunate saleswomen, who, try how they will, cannot get rid of the terrible extravagances cast on their hands to sell by their superior officers, the buyers. "Ladies simply will not try them on," remarked one wearied girl to me the other day, who had reluctantly, after nearly an hour's attention, been obliged to let a customer leave without making a purchase, the latter remarking, as she went, that she would really have to go to bed until the millinery world regained its sanity.

A French Model of Black Crinoline

Just by way of illustrating the sort of *chapeau* we are being seriously asked to consider, here is a model direct from the Gay City, and not at all unreasonable, according to present lights.

The shape is a cleverly manipulated black crinoline, merely relieved across the front by the lightest trail of small pink roses, and a *panache* at the right side of uncurled mole feathers, shading to black. It is of the utmost importance to observe how determinedly this hat is poised over the face, and also the affectation of bareness. The latter is a marked pose just now, and, like everything else in the millinery world, is carried to the extreme of exaggeration.

A Catalogue Devoted to China and Glass from Hampton's, Pall Mall

An exceptionally beautiful production, artistically speaking, is this brochure, overflowing, moreover, with attractive suggestions. The object of the production is obvious, since it brings into a certain form of pleasant concentration the overwhelmingly vast subject of china and glass. The most cursory glance through the admirably illustrated pages brings ready confirmation as to the vast improvement in styles and colouring during the past decade. Under such able tutelage as prevails at Hampton's, we have been securely piloted away from the ugly and unpractical Early Victorian efforts, receiving in their stead faithful replicas of the gloriously coloured old Staffordshire ware, Best Bristol, and Royal Crown Derby.

These productions are really faultless, while the prices asked at Hampton's compare more than favourably with the erstwhile patronised vulgar Victorian creations. Similarly with the glass, which includes some of the finest English cut crystal, effected in the well-known Balmoral radiating design, the Spiral Hamilton, etc.

All the prices, both in the catalogue and in the actual articles at Pall Mall, are marked in plain figures, and the catalogue can be had for the asking at the above address. Doubtless, also, it may prove of interest to learn that Hampton's make a feature of repairs, a department with picked workmen being given over entirely to this branch, which is of no small importance in these days of collecting.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore St. London, W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

LINGERIE GOWNS,

Our Speciality (*as sketch*). Hand-made and hand-embroidered, cut in Princess shape, with fine Tuckings and Insertions of Valenciennes Lace. Stocked in four sizes, bust measurements, 38, 40, 42, and 44 in.

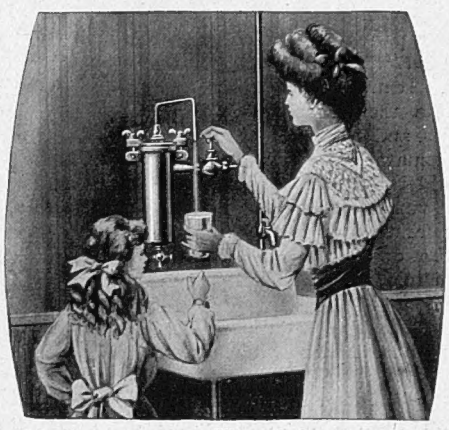
78/6

A large variety of other designs in Lingerie Gowns at 58/6, 98/6, 5½ Guineas to 20 Guineas.

GUARANTEED KID & SUEDE GLOVES
1/11, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6 per pair.

If you want PURE WATER for your Children use a

BERKEFELD FILTER



This illustration shows Filter fitted to ordinary household service pipe over sink. Price of Filter, 30/-

Dr. Sims Woodhead, F.R.S.E., in his report to the "British Medical Journal," says:

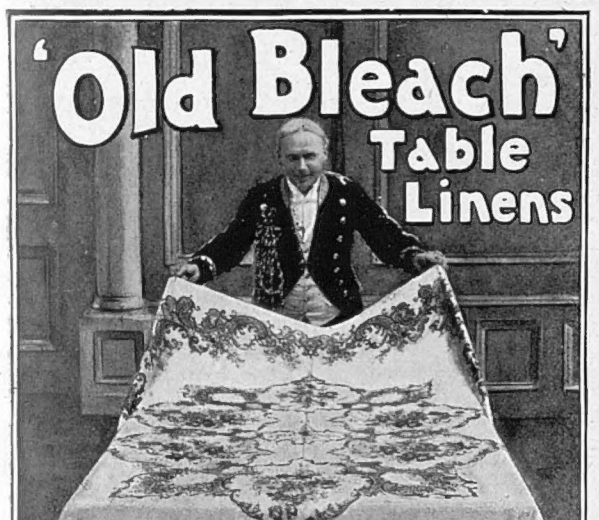
"'Berkefeld Filters' afford complete protection against the communication of waterborne disease."

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., says:
"'Berkefeld Filters' remove all germs from water."

Sole Agents for Manchester:
Mottershead & Co., 7, Exchange Street.

THE BERKEFELD FILTER Co., Ltd.,
121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

'Old Bleach' Table Linens



"Old Bleach" Damasks

are Whiter, Stronger, More Lovely, and better able to withstand the modern laundry than any other Table Linens. They are bleached on the grass without injurious chemicals, and their designs surpass anything ever seen.

Write for our Booklet, which contains Illustrations of many "Old Bleach" Table Cloths and Towels.

The OLD BLEACH LINEN Co., Ltd.
Randalstown, Ireland.

HOOPING-COUGH. CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

The Celebrated Effectual Cure without Internal Medicine.
In constant use for the past 120 years.

The Embrocation will be found Effectual in cases of
BRONCHITIS & LUMBAGO.

COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.

"Baroness Meltzing request Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.

TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 785, 38, 14/10/90, 10/5.—M.
"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary.
"Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."

Sold by Druggists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.

Price 4/- per bottle. **Sole Wholesale Agents—**
W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

Paris:
Roberts and Co., 5, Rue de la Paix.

New York:
Fougera & Co., 90, Beekman Street.

ADAIR

Registered Ganesh Preparations,

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Telephone: Gerrard 3782.

NEW STRAPPING MUSCLE TREATMENT with the **GANESH EASTERN OIL** absolutely removes lines and fills out hollows by bracing the relaxed muscles and feeding the tissues. The eyelids can be treated and lines removed from them, making them white and firm.

GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE OIL is the best skin food and muscle producer in the world, will of itself remove lines, and give back life to the skin.

GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC is a splendid wash for the eyes. Closes the pores, strengthens and whitens the skin, and makes it able to resist all the troubles of our climate, heated rooms, cold winds, and sunburn, and it is invaluable for use when motoring.

GANESH EASTERN CREAM keeps the skin soft and fine, contains a little of the oil, and is made up to suit all skins.

In order to prove the efficacy of these marvellous preparations a Home Box containing the Ganesh Muscle Oil, Eastern Cream, Diable Tonic, and Lily Lotion will be sent for 21/6, but on mentioning this paper the price will be 18/6, including the lecture, "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form."

Mrs Adair sends to ladies' houses; reasonable terms.

The Menu: RECHERCHÉ COOKERY

Poulet à la Milanaise
Roast Quails
Fricandeau of Veal
Œufs Vinaigrette
Rhubarb Cream Tart (an American recipe)

Poulet à la Milanaise

Boil in a pan about two quarts of slightly salted water, then put in ¼lb. of macaroni, and let it boil for twenty minutes. It must be quite firm and not inclined to break up. Drain the macaroni. Boil a chicken in stock, cut into joints, and put it into a stewpan with a quarter of a pint of tomato sauce and a quarter of a pint of espagnole sauce, add the macaroni, seasoning, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar or lemon-juice. Stew these ingredients together for three-quarters of an hour, until the chicken is quite hot and tender. Dress on a hot dish, arrange the macaroni to form a bed, and dress the pieces of chicken on top.

For the Espagnole Sauce.—Cut up some slices of ham and any trimmings and giblets of the fowl. Put a lump of butter well mixed with flour in a saucepan, stir over a quick fire till a good brown colour, moisten with stock, a tumblerful of white wine, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer by the side of the fire for several hours; pass through a tammy, clear off all grease, and thicken with a little meat glaze.

Roast Quails

Draw and truss four or more quails, previously picked and singed, cover the breast part with a vineleaf and a slice of fat bacon, put them on wooden or steel skewers and roast them before a good fire or in a hot oven for twelve or fifteen minutes, basting them with butter during the process of roasting. When done, season with salt and untruss, dish up on fried croûtons of bread, and serve with fried breadcrumbs and gravy. Garnish the dish with watercress.

Fricandeau of Veal

Neatly trim a nice piece of fillet of veal, lard it thickly with bacon on one side. Place in a large stewpan a layer of slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spices to taste; lay the piece of veal in the middle, and moisten it with a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy, and put it into a small saucepan, skim off all superfluous fat, add to it a little butter mixed smoothly with a small quantity of flour, and let the gravy reduce nearly to a glaze, when it can be poured over the meat, and serve with a border of spinach.

Œufs Vinaigrette

Cut four hard-boiled eggs across in halves, remove the yolks, pound the latter with 1oz. of butter until smooth, season to taste, and add one teaspoonful of finely chopped capers. Cut the top off each half of egg in order that they may stand firmly, fill them lightly with the preparation, garnish tastefully with small rounds, stars, or strips of beetroot, and place them on some fried croûtes of bread. Serve cold.

Rhubarb Cream Tart

One and a half cupfuls of rhubarb, chopped fine, one heaped cup of sugar, a good grate of nutmeg. Moisten one tablespoonful of cornflour with one tablespoonful of cold water, put this into a saucepan with one cup of boiling water, stir in three yolks of eggs, and cook for three minutes; then add to the rhubarb mixture one teaspoonful of ground ginger. Line a shallow dish with good pastry, fill with the mixture, and bake until firm; when cooled, cover with meringue made with the whites of the eggs. Brown in the oven. This is an American recipe.

Emilia.

The Home Beautiful.

1909 Edition Now Ready. Containing the latest novelties in Casement Blinds, Sill Curtains, Cretonnes, Tissues, Taffetas, Printed Linens, Muslins, Vitrage Nets. Eight pages of beautifully coloured illustrations of the latest productions in Art Carpets, Embroidered and Applique Curtains, Loose Covers, Cretonnes, Taffetas, &c. Post Free upon application.

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THE GROSVENOR DIVAN CHAIR.

Stuffed part Hair, covered in Calico, with Loose Cover of Hollyhock Printed Cotton, complete: £4 : 7 : 6

WILLIAMSON & COLE, High Street, Clapham, S.W.

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Wigmore St., London, W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

FEATHER NECKWEAR

No Toilette is complete without some form of neckwear, and Feather and Chiffon Wraps are extremely fashionable as well as Ostrich Collars and long Boas to match gowns

WIDE STOLE

(as sketch) of Mole or Natural Marabout Feather, mounted over coloured silk in all fashionable shades, veiled with chiffon, 2¾ yards long by 15 inches wide.

27/6

Smaller Stole, similar in character, **21/-**

Spring Catalogue profusely illustrated, sent post free.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making use less quantity it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

ART WALL PAPERS

"Bird of Paradise," 3/- per piece.

CHAS. KNOWLES & CO., Ltd., 164, KING'S RD., CHELSEA, LONDON, S.W.

WEST END SHOW ROOM, 23, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, W.

Keep your razor in GOOD TEMPER, and your skin in GOOD condition, by using

VINOLIA SHAVING STICK.

It gives a rich lather, but never a poor shave.

Does not dry nor smart on the face.

Is soothing, healing, and antiseptic.

"The Soap for any Razor."

PRICE 1/-

Miniature Stick, 3d.

Of all Chemists.

The Editor's Box

"Shavallo"

To those who have not yet tried John Knight's "Shavallo" we would give a word of advice, and that is, get a stick or cake at the first opportunity and try it for yourself. Besides supplying all that is necessary to secure a comfortable and easy shave, either with hot or cold water, its healing properties are somewhat remarkable, and for tender skins it is antiseptic and soothing. Do not forget that it is made in London, and is, therefore, procurable under the most favourable circumstances, both as to freshness and purity, and in using this soap instead of American and other foreign shaving soaps you are helping to support a British industry. It is supplied in neat ivorine tubes, and also in cakes, and may be had from any good-class barber, chemist, or stores.

An Excellent Town House

Messrs. Hampton and Sons are selling by auction at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on April 22, a delightful Belgravian residence, No. 37, Pont Street, Cadogan Square. There is excellent accommodation, which consists of lounge hall, four reception rooms, a lounge on the first floor, fourteen bed and dressing and two bathrooms; there is good stabling for three, with four living rooms over. The house occupies a choice position, close to the Park, and convenient of access to the City.

Imperial International Exhibition

The Government of New Zealand has secured a large area of space at the Imperial International Exhibition, which will be held at the "White City," Shepherd's Bush, during the forthcoming summer months. The effect produced upon the people of this country by the New Zealand exhibits at the Franco-British Exhibition has been very remarkable, and there is no doubt that this country has a far more intimate acquaintance with the products and manufactures of the "Great Britain of the South" than at any previous period in the history of that Dominion.

Pocket Guides

I have received from Mr. Burrow, the publisher of the "Borough" Series of Pocket Guides, guides to Naples, Rome, and Sicily. These are extremely handy little books of reference, full of up-to-date information, excellently illustrated, and printed on good paper. All for the moderate price of 3*d.* each. These are only a small part of the series, which now includes over 400 towns in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Royal Exchange

The Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation (incorporated A.D. 1720) had a very cheering statement to present to shareholders last Wednesday. During the year 1,943 proposals were received in the Life Department for sums amounting to £899,889 13*s.* 8*d.* Of these, 1,647 were completed, assuring £693,932 7*s.* at single and full annual premiums of £26,250 13*s.* 5*d.*, of which £33,000 was re-assured at premiums amounting to £1,224 1*s.* In this department alone the total premium income for 1908 (after deducting re-assurance premiums) was £277,240 7*s.* 5*d.*, being an increase of £6,582 15*s.* 1*d.* upon the figures for 1907. The interest earned was £117,596 14*s.* 6*d.*, being £4 0*s.* 7*d.* per cent. on the life funds, but after deduction of income tax the average rate yielded was £3 16*s.* 10*d.* per cent. The total income from premiums and interest (less tax) amounted to £389,492 12*s.* 2*d.*, an increase of £11,429 4*s.* 11*d.* upon the previous year. The life assurance now stands at £3,022,342 7*s.* 1*d.*, as against £2,932,112 16*s.* 11*d.* at the end of 1907. The assets amount to £5,447,890 18*s.* 5*d.*

The "Ludgate" Flower-Bowl

A fine china piece at the moderate price of 7*s.* 9*d.*, on sale at Alfred B. Pearce and Company's, of 39, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Suburban Attractions

(*With Telephone Numbers*)

BROADWAY, New Cross: *Her Forbidden Marriage.* 196 Deptford.

CORONET, Notting Hill: *A Message from Mars.* 1273 Ken.

KENNINGTON: *The Thief.* 1004 Hop.

KING'S, Hammersmith: *Charley's Aunt.* 119 Hammersmith.

MARLBOROUGH, Holloway: *The Early Worm.* 131 North.

SHAKESPEARE, Clapham: *Her Love Against the World.* 41 Battersea.

The Cornish Riviera

As an indication that the Cornish Riviera is coming into more favour with the persons who are in need of rest and health, it may be mentioned that recently the principal hotels at Falmouth were quite full, and that upon application being made for accommodation it had to be refused on more than one occasion. It would appear, therefore, that the present is an opportune time for one of the larger hotel companies to consider the desirability of opening up an establishment in the West Country.

Empire New Revue

The occasion of the first performance of Mr. George Grossmith's new revue at the Empire Theatre, which is now in active rehearsal, should establish a new era in the history of British revue, and will be further marked by the first production of an entirely new last scene of the great ballet success, "A Day in Paris," where many opportunities will be found to display the talents of such brilliant favourites as Mr. Fred Farren, Mme. Zanfretta, Miss Beatrice Collier, and the *première danseuse*, Mlle Lydia Kyasht

Delicious and Digestible Cocoa.

Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk is a delicious and highly nourishing preparation, made by a special process which renders it quite easy of digestion even by invalids, dyspeptics, and those who have to be extremely careful in matters of diet. Its ingredients are the finest cocoa, freed from the excess of fat which causes indigestion, and pure, rich country milk. Connoisseurs of cocoa particularly appreciate its excellent flavour and fragrance.

Another point in its favour is that it requires neither sugar nor milk, and is made in a moment simply by adding hot water. It forms an excellent substitute for tea or coffee for the morning meal, and is far more nourishing. Supplied in tins at **2/6** and **1/6**.

SAMPLE FOR 3d., POST FREE.

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent, post free, for 3*d.* by Savory and Moore, Ltd., 143, New Bond Street, London. (Mention *The Bystander.*)

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TEA of delightful fragrance and delicacy of flavour, appealing to all of discriminating tastes. 1/6, 1/8, and 2/6 per lb.

COFFEE The REAL GENUINE French Coffee as enjoyed by the *élite* of Paris. Unequalled for flavour and delicious aroma. 1/6 and 2/- per lb.

HONEY The natural sweet. Nature's own remedy for coughs, colds, etc. Absolutely fresh and pure, as gathered by the bee.

SPECIAL PARISIAN LUNCHEONS AND TEAS SERVED DAILY amid Parisian surroundings. French cookery. Luncheons 1/6, from 12 to 3. **TEAS** made from our special blend, 3 to 6, at moderate prices.

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